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OUGHT IRELAND TO HAVE POOR LAWS?

SINCE misery seems to be periodical in its visits to the labouring poor—since tens of thousands in Ireland are suffering more than men ought or need to suffer—since their misfortunes proceed neither from any want of foresight in themselves nor deficiencies in the productive powers of nature—and since the inhumanity of the rich has settled into a hardened insensibility—it becomes a question of expediency, of justice, of policy, whether that class to whose hands we are indebted for all that constitutes wealth, should not have a *legal right* to be supported by those who are enriched by their labours. There is a cover for them at nature's mighty feast, and the laws of society have given them tickets of admission; yet when they find the door closed against them by the edicts of mistaken legislators, they should, at least in point of equity, be provided, by those who have excluded them, with the means of appeasing the clamours of hunger; they should not be left to famish on the highways—to perish from want, when in sight of plenteous boards—to die of thirst in the loaded vineyard.

We have long since made up our minds on the principle of compulsory relief for the poor. We think it, at least in ordinary cases, indefensible; we think it mischievous; but if the system which has produced the calamities we witness year after year be persisted in—if the poor meet with neither justice from government nor compassion from the opulent, we are not sure but that we shall fling prudence, and economy, and even reason herself, to the winds, and adhere—implicitly adhere—to the dictates of humanity. The destitute must be fed, the naked must be clothed; but still, let us feed and clothe them, not in the way most agreeable to ourselves, but after the manner best calculated to promote their immediate happiness

and future welfare. Poor we shall have to the end of the chapter—and, therefore, the question really is, should the kind of relief now imperiously called for be made permanent? Should the laws enacted to avert famine be enforced in times of plenty?

Whilst our pity is excited, while we deplore the sufferings—unmerited sufferings—of one part of the community, and feel virtuously indignant at the apathy, the inhumanity, of the other, let us be rational; let us not blend moral duty with the task of legislation, and call for permanent measures that we think, at the moment, will punish the unfeeling rich, when perhaps they may not relieve the ill-used poor. Above all, let us not lay it down as a principle, 'that what all individuals *ought to do*, it is the business of the laws to *make* them do. It is a plausible position, and has actually been adopted by some of the ablest and most virtuous men. But nothing in reality is more fallacious—nothing less congruous with the nature of man, and with that state of discipline and trial which his present existence is clearly designed to be. In the first place, it destroys the very essence, not only of benevolence, but of all virtue, to make it compulsory: or, to speak more properly, it is a contradiction in terms. An action to be virtuous must be voluntary. It requires a living and a free agent to give it birth. If we attempt to transplant it from our own bosoms to the laws, it withers and dies. It cannot inhabit an inert and inanimate mass—and the fabled attempt of Prometheus to breathe life into his lump of clay was not more presumptuous, than the endeavour to inspire a code of laws with that principle which by its very essence is inherent in a moral and accountable being.*

'And in fact,' continues the same author,† 'this endeavour to invest

* Letter to Mr. Peel.

† Letter to Mr. Peel, in 1819, on the Increase of Pauperism, and on the Poor Laws, supposed to be written by Dr. Coppleston, Provost of Oriel College, Oxford.
October, 1826.

the laws with the office of humanity, inconsistent and impracticable as it is when attempted from the purest motive, does in reality often originate from an imperfect sense of moral obligation, and a low degree of benevolence in men themselves. Absurd as the thought is when expressed in words, man would be virtuous, be humane, be charitable *by proxy*. This, however, not only the divine purpose and the declared end of our being, but common sense itself forbids. To throw off the care of want, and disease, and misery upon the magistrate, is to convert humanity into police, and religion into a statute book.*

He would be a fool who should amputate a limb because of a fracture; and before we decide whether Ireland ought to have poor laws, let us first ascertain two things. First—What has occasioned the present excess of poverty; and, secondly, Whether compulsory relief or poors' rate is the only or most eligible mode of providing for the destitute.

In a former article,* to which we beg this to be understood as a continuation, we endeavoured to prove—and we think we did prove, that the suffering of the poor, and these occasional famines, are exclusively attributable to the artificial system of trade and commerce, and the monopolies and taxation growing out of that system. We think the matter was made plain enough; but if it were not, if there be any unconvinced, may we beg their company, their attention, while we give a rapid sketch of the state of the poor in England—the region of poor laws—during the last eight or nine hundred years. We must go back so far; we must trace effects to their causes; we must discover the origin of the disease; and by doing so we shall accomplish no mean achievement. We shall convict our modern economists of gross ignorance respecting three essential particulars—namely, population, luxury, and subdivisions of farms. This is no common subject; if men do not understand the cause of the evil, how can they apply the remedy? If they do not inform themselves on such

vital questions as pauperism and destitution, their rise and progress, how can they expect to escape from consequences that never fail to flow from national misery?

Our modern economists, and, above all, Mr. M'Culloch, while advocating the right of man to be the judge of his own interest—to be allowed to seek, without legislative interference, his own fortune in his own way; and while denying the power of government to enrich or serve the nation, by commercial acts or commercial treaties, have, one and all, declared that a wise legislature will oppose *checks* on population, and enact laws to prevent the sub-division of farms. We shall not stop here to point out the contradiction which this gives to their own principles, because we are much more anxious to demonstrate the erroneousness of their opinions, by showing that liberty and intelligence have ever kept pace with population; and that the poor of England have regularly increased in misery as farms have increased in size.

In Europe, no kingdom has ever been populous without being intelligent. One of them necessarily implies the other: the law of necessity, and not the laws of government, produces the coincidence; and history proves this to be the case. On the other hand, the concession of popular rights has always been in exact proportion to the number of people claiming them; and the history of the industrious poor will singularly and forcibly illustrate both these facts.

Professor Millar, describing the state of society in Anglo-Saxon times,† says, 'The peasants composed a second order, greatly inferior in rank to the thanes of either class. They appear to have consisted chiefly of such persons as had been reduced into captivity during the long wars between the Britons and the Saxons, and had afterwards been entrusted by their masters with the management of particular farms; they were called *ceorls*, *carles*, or *churles*. Some of them, no doubt, were kept in the house of their master, and employed in cultivating the land in his own possession; but

* Why are the people starving? P. 405, No. XIX.

† Historical View of the English Government, Vol. I. p. 135.

the greater number were usually sent to a distance, and placed, as it happened to be convenient, upon different parts of his estate. The former being under his eye, and acting on all occasions from his orders, remained for a long time in their primitive servile condition; the latter, on the contrary, being withdrawn from his immediate inspection, had necessarily more trust and confidence reposed in them, and were thence enabled, with some degree of rapidity, to improve their circumstances. From their distance, the master was obliged to relinquish all thoughts of compelling them to labour, by means of personal chastisement; and as from the nature of their employment he could hardly judge of their diligence, otherwise than by their success, he soon found it expedient to bribe their industry, by giving them a reward in proportion to the crop which they produced. They were thus allowed to acquire property; and their condition became similar, in every respect, to that of the *adscripti glebæ* among the ancient Romans, to that of the present colliers and salters in Scotland, or of the bondmen employed in the mines in several parts of Europe. In this situation some of them, by industry and frugality, found means to accumulate so much wealth as enabled them to stock their own farms, and become bound to pay a certain yearly rent to the master.

As population increased, the number of churles was necessarily multiplied; but this circumstance, while it augmented the resources of the baron, diminished his authority over each particular peasant, by placing it out of his power to keep him any longer in bondage—a blessing for which he was solely indebted to the increase of his species, and its consequences—agricultural and mechanical improvements.

‘From the nature of their employment,’ says the author last quoted, ‘and from their living at such a distance as to be beyond the reach of the master’s inspection, it was found expedient to excite their industry by bestowing upon them successive gratuities and privileges; many of them were enabled, at an early period, to acquire considerable property; and

some of them were advanced to the condition of tenants, intrusted by the master with a discretionary management of their farms. In the natural course of things, these tenants were afterwards raised to a still better situation. When, in consequence of some experience in husbandry, they were about to undertake an expensive melioration of their farms, common prudence required that they should be secure of the possession, for such a period as might afford them a reasonable prospect of a return for their labour and expense. By offering an advanced rent to the master, they sometimes prevailed upon him to make an agreement of that nature, and to grant them a *lease* for a certain number of years. From the improving circumstances of the tenant, he sometimes obtained, not only a right of holding the estate for life, but of transmitting it to heirs; and there appear to have been some occasions, though it is probable these were not very common, on which, by the payment of a full price, he was enabled to make an entire purchase of the lands.’

Such, however, was the force of custom in perpetuating degradation, that a considerable time elapsed before the peasant ‘learned to venerate himself a man,’ and the government of the day was not slow in enacting laws to prevent them rising to their proper place in society. At length, at the close of the fourteenth century, the insurrections of Wat Tyler, Jack Straw, Hob Carter, and Tom Miller—names indicative of their respective occupations—completed the emancipation of the English peasantry. These spirited leaders—the Captain Rocks of their time—showed an intelligence, and an acquaintance with their rights, not to be met with among the same class at the present day; and the success with which they asserted their claims, shows that their numbers, and not the justice of their cause, secured concession.

This was truly the golden age of the English peasantry; pauperism was unknown; ‘every rood of ground maintained its man,’ and there was no apprehension of famine—no dying of hunger. The church, it is true, undertook to feed the poor—and to the

praise of the Catholic Clergy, they did so without compulsion;* but they, in a great measure, ceased to do so about this period. It was not necessary that they should continue their indiscriminate bounty, the people were able to provide for themselves.

Recent writers—profoundly ignorant on the subject—have told us of the sumptuous manner in which the peasant, previous to the Reformation, lived; they quote the preamble of an act of parliament, the very worst of authorities, and next adduce the legal price of labour, to prove that the labourer could afford to eat beef and mutton. Unfortunately for their cause, facts are against them; the diet of the peasantry was frugal and simple, and where it is not frugal and simple, there must, from the very nature of things, be misery. It is very true, that, according to the price of labour in those days, a man could earn a sheep in five, and a quarter of wheat in thirteen days; but those who have placed this in the front of their argument, have forgotten to tell us whether constant employment was to be had. The fact is, as we formerly stated, these prices were fixed by law to defraud the poor and not to enrich them; labourers were wanted only in seed time and at harvest; and a law was in force to compel mechanics, as well as agricultural labourers, to give assistance, when called upon, at the rate specified, in getting in the grain. Every man managed his own farm as he pleased; but his wealthier neighbour did things on a grand scale. The harvesting of five hundred acres, as in many parts of France at present, was but the work of a day, and the fact, whilst it proves the scarcity of

employment, shows the vast population of the period.† What then enabled the people to live in comfort and independence? We answer, the circumstance of each man being an agriculturist; he produced all things necessary for his own consumption.

It is now generally admitted, that the population, for some time previous to, and at the period of, the Reformation, was little if any thing less than it is at present. The question then is, did such a number live upon animal food? Where were the animals fed? ‘The proportion of arable land to pasture,’ says the Rev. Mr. Brereton, ‘was greater—we beg attention to the fact—before than for some time after the Reformation. During the reign of Elizabeth, and for some time after, the inclosure of pasture was discouraged. Arable land was in fact converted into pasture, and the produce of corn increased by an improved husbandry. A greater supply of meat, the consumption of which greatly increased after the Reformation, was afforded by attention to pastures. Blomefield gives the following account of several estates at different periods:

1324	A messuage, in Norfolk, contained	131 arable 7 meadow 1½ pasture
1370 Ditto....	140 arable 6 meadow 30 pasture 30 heath
1567 Ditto....	200 arable 100 meadow 300 pasture 10 wood
1569 Ditto....	60 arable 20 meadow 40 pasture 300 furze & heath

* ‘The author of the Mirror states, indeed, that by the common law, “the poor were to be sustained by parsons, rectors of the church, and the parishioners, so that none of them shall die for default of sustenance.” But no method is pointed out by which the performance of this duty could be enforced, or its omission punished. Such abstinence from regulation, on the part of our civil government, is no slight testimony that the clergy devoted a sufficient portion of their immense property to maintain the poor. If any objection can be made to their conduct, it is, that their charities were lavished with inconsiderate humanity, detrimental to the industry and police of the country.’—*Adolphus's Political State of the British Empire*, vol. 3, p. 561.

† ‘The distribution of work,’ says the Rev. Mr. Brereton, ‘is a matter of vast consequence to the labourers. Here it is that the peasantry of modern times have so much advantage over their forefathers. The harvest, which now extends from a month to six weeks, was formerly performed in one or two days. Sir J. Cullum, in his history of the village of Hawsted, in Suffolk, gives us an accurate account of a harvest at the latter end of the fourteenth century. There were 200 acres of corn, and 250 reapers and labourers employed in one day, and above 200 in another, when the harvest was completed. Not only was the corn ingathered in this rapid manner, but very often a great part of it was thrashed in the field by a corresponding multitude of labourers. There

'In the adjoining parish of Grimston, Blomefield records the following account of the same manor, 1448 and in 1615. In 1448 it contained 20 messuages, 500 acres of arable land, 100 meadow, 500 pasture, 20 of wood, and 200 moor. In 1615 it contained 26 messuages, 10 tofts, 26 gardens, 800 acres of arable land, 100 meadow, 300 pasture, 20 of wood, and 3000 of heath. In the former account much of the pasture was probably heath, as no heath is mentioned.

'Thus it appears that at and after the Reformation, the quantity of arable land, in proportion to heath and pasture, decreased. It did not much increase till after the Revolution, from which time, as we have seen, there has been a great quantity of land inclosed and brought into cultivation. At the Revolution, I suppose not above half or perhaps a third of this parish, was cultivated as arable land; a much greater proportion was pasture, and a more considerable part heath and sheep's-walk. The ancient names of the fields, and many other local proofs, establish this fact.'

'The general consumption of wheat-en bread,' says the same author, 'was UNKNOWN among the working classes till the middle of the last century. In the history of Norwich it is recorded among the remarkable events, that "in 1745 fine flour, from Hertfordshire, was retailed in Norwich, before which time a coarse household bread, inferior to meal, was the general bread used in the city and county." Barley bread was till that time as common as it is now in some parts of Wales. Till that period, scarcely any wheat was grown in this part of the country. Within the last thirty years not more

than 30 or 40 acres of wheat were grown in this parish, and now there are between 300 and 400 acres.'

Yet now half the population of Norfolk belong to the workhouse, though, when the people eat barley bread, there were *no paupers*!

What changed this state of things, for changed it was? In 1496, the 11th year of Henry VII. an act was passed, authorising severe punishments against vagrants; and the evil having increased, a similar statute was enacted, eight years afterwards. In 1531, the preamble of an Act complains, in most extravagant terms, of the increase of poverty; and five years afterwards, the year the small monasteries were suppressed, another Act was passed, to remedy the still increasing distress. Ten years had only elapsed, when another statute, 1 Edward VI. c. 3. was promulgated.* In 1552, a similar Act was passed; and in 1562,† for the first time, relief is made compulsory. In 1601, the measure of the poor laws was completed.

Did the suppression of the monasteries produce the circumstances which called for these measures? We think not. In the first place, distress had begun to manifest itself long before that cruel event; and in the second place, similar complaints and modes of relief of the same nature had taken place where monasteries abounded—where the monarch and the government adhered to the ancient creed. The cotemporaries of Henry VIII. on the Continent found themselves also environed by beggary; and, in 1531, five years before monasteries were suppressed in England, Charles V. enacted laws in the Netherlands to mitigate the evil.‡

are many statutes of a much later date than this, which allowed the farmers to put the whole country in requisition during harvest, and to compel all the petty tradesmen to join in the work, at a certain price per day. The harvest was collected in a very irregular and hasty manner till the end of the last century.'

* Dr. Coppleston, speaking of this Act, says, 'Against vagrants this Act is the consummation of cruelty. Any vagrant, man or woman, able to work, who lived idly for three days, was to be branded with a red-hot iron on the breast with the letter V, and to be adjudged the slave of any person informing against him, for two years. If no one should demand such loiterer, [that is, if there should be *no demand for his labour*,] he was to be conveyed to the place of his birth—there to be nourished—and kept in chains or otherwise, either at the common works in amending high-ways, or as the slave of any individual for two years. The employer might cause his slave to work by beating, chaining, or otherwise—he might feed him with bread and water, or with refuse meat of any kind—if he ran away for fourteen days during the two years, he was to be a slave for life—if a second time, to suffer death as a felon.'

† 5 Eliz. c. 3.

‡ Anderson's History of Commerce; Sir T. Eden on the state of the poor; Harrison's Description of England, &c. &c.

The truth is, the temporary evils, and we admit there were some, which resulted from the suppression of monasteries were slight in comparison with those which flowed from the change of religion. The reformation, in unsettling the moral habits of the people, in removing all wholesome restraint, and making ignorant individuals the judges of the propriety of their own actions, inundated the country with crime. Religious contention, insurrections, and persecutions, threw up a moral pestilence on the surface of society; and the kingdom at length abounded, as Harrison quaintly says, in offenders, 'until the gallows do eat them up, which is a lamentable case.' Four hundred was the average number of executions which annually took place.

All this time, be it remembered, the influx of wealth was unprecedented, and the improvement of the country kept pace with the growing riches. 'There was never,' says the great Lord Bacon, then an eye-witness, 'the like number of fair and stately houses as have been built and set up from the ground since her majesty's reign; insomuch that there have been reckoned in one shire that is not great, to the number of thirty-three, which have been all new built within that time; and whereof the meanest was never built for two thousand pounds. There were never the like pleasures of goodly gardens and orchards, walks, pools, parks, as do adorn almost every

mansion-house—there was never the like number of beautiful and costly tombs and monuments which are erected in sundry churches in honourable memory of the dead. There was never the like quantity of plate, jewels, sumptuous moveables and stuff, as within the realm. There was never the like quantity of waste and unprofitable ground in need reclaimed, and improved. There was never the like husbanding of all sorts of grounds by fencing, manuring, and all kinds of good husbandry. The towns were never better built nor peopled; nor the principal fairs and markets ever better customed or frequented. The commodities and ease of rivers cut by hand, and brought into a new channel; of piers that have been built; of waters that have been forced and brought against the ground, were never so many. There was never so many excellent artificers, nor so many new handicrafts used and exercised; nor new commodities made within the realm; sugar, paper, glass, copper, divers silks, and the like. There was never such complete and honourable provision of horse, armour, weapons, ordnance of the war.'

While the splendour of the country was thus a matter of exultation, while the farmers were treading upon the heels of nobility, the poor were starving.* To what was this owing? Strange as it may appear, we must answer, the discovery of America, and the absurd and mischievous interfer-

* Harrison gives a lively description of this fact. 'So common' says he, 'were all sorts of treene [wooden] stuffe in old time, that a man should hardlie finde foure peeces of pewter (of which one was peradventure a salt) in a good farmer's house; and yet for all this frugalitie, (if it may so be justly called) they were scarce able to live, and paie their rents at their daies without selling of a cow or an horse or more, although they paid but four pounds at the uttermost by the yeare. Such also was their povertie; that if some one od farmer or husbandman had beene at the ale-house, a thing greatlie used in those daies, amongst six or seven of his neighbours, and there, in a braverie, to shew what store he had, did cast down his pursse and therein a noble, or six shillings in silver unto them, (for few such men then cared for gold, because it was not so readie payment, and they were oft inforced to give a penie for the exchange of an angell,) it was verie likely, that all the rest could not lay downe so much against it; whereas, in my time, although peradventure four pounds of old rent be improved to forty, fifty, or even one hundred pounds, yet will the farmer, as another palme or date tree, thinke his gaines very small, toward the end of his terme, if he have not six or seven yeares rent lieng by him, therewith to purchase a new lease, beside a faire garnish of pewter on his cupboard, with so much more in od vessel going about the house, three or four feather beds, so manie coverlids and carpets of tapestrie, a silver salt, a bowle for wine, (if not a whole neast,) and a dozen of spoones to furnish up the sute.' *Descript. of England*, chap. xii. p. 188.

The same thing has happened in Ireland during the last thirty years, and from precisely similar causes.

ence of government, in endeavouring to apply remedies to the evil, which the operation of natural causes, if left to themselves, would soon have rectified.

It is well known, that the possession of South America by the Spaniards inundated Europe with gold and silver, and it ought to be equally as well known, that an excess of money, whether real or fictitious, leads directly to an advance in the prices of *all* commodities, EXCEPT LABOUR. Bread, or meat, or cloth, were not increased in *value*; the same quantity of labour still produced them, but the value of gold and silver had diminished. A piece of silver would not purchase as much bread after the discovery of America as it did before that event; it had lost its former value because it had become more abundant.

Our ancestors, though often practically right, were generally theoretically wrong. They attributed the rise at the period we allude to in the price of commodities to any thing and every thing but the right cause; they were totally ignorant of the operation of money. Wealth, however, increased, as we have already seen, while the distress of the peasantry was bordering on destitution, and why? because the labourer is the first to feel the ill-consequences of a *depreciation* in the currency, and the last to obtain redress. Other commodities soon adjust themselves to the value of money; but labour is possessed of no such versatility. In the end it undoubtedly corresponds to the real value of gold; and it will do this the sooner if left to its natural operations; but where the influx of wealth is sudden, where money is instantly depreciated, the labourer is a loser, while his *loss* is the immediate *gain* of his employer. Wages have no effect whatever on rent; the farmer, as political economy demonstrates, pays neither more nor less to his landlord, because he pays more or less to his labourers. Consequently it is his interest (and whatever is theoretically right, individuals, however ignorant of the abstract principles, are sure to do,) to keep down the price of labour. Besides, in treating of this subject, we should not overlook, as economists have universally done, the *force* of habit. Men are content to earn this week what they earned last week. If

provisions rise, they know not the cause, and hope that they will again become cheap. Their employers, under every circumstance, are ready to resist any demand, however reasonable, that has for its object a rise in the price of wages; and hence the fixedness of *rates* in several mechanical trades. The wages of printers, for instance, have not been altered for several years.

'The labour of the manufacturer,' says an intelligent writer, already quoted, 'is a transferable stock compared with that of the husbandman. Occasional competition instructs the owner in its value, and it circulates with freedom through those districts where it is most wanted. In other words, the manufacturing labourer has his choice of a market, and of course he obtains his price sooner, than the husbandman who is practically confined to a single spot, and for whose labour there cannot be that free competition which the commercial theory supposes. The local influence too under which he acts, removes him still farther from the condition of the vender of a commodity, under which relation that theory regards him. The consequence is, (what experience abundantly testifies) that every expedient is resorted to by his employer before that of a permanent rise of wages: and as the labourer cannot defer the bargain, he submits to conditions really more and more rigorous, passing indeed under the same or even a higher denomination, and deriving additional facility from this very disguise.'

'But supposing,' says the same author on another occasion, 'the depreciation to be constant and *progressive*, by the time this tardy justice has apparently been conceded to him, or even long before it, a farther advance of price has taken place, and so on successively while the same cause continues in operation, ever mocking his hopes like the rainbow, still retiring as he advances, and leaving him far behind the golden shadow he is pursuing. In the meantime, all those who derive profit from labour are accumulating vast wealth—their success stimulates others to embark in schemes of improvement—and life begins to wear a new embroidery, woven by the humble toil of beings

who are left to grovel on the earth, and to perish obscurely when their work is done, destined never to enter upon the fruits of their own labour.'

That an increase of wealth, accompanied by legislative interference, has ever been succeeded by distress and suffering among the labouring poor, the history of every country abundantly testifies. 'The great and rapid increase of national wealth,' says a writer who knew not the value of his facts, 'has always been attended by a correspondent pressure of distress upon the peasantry. It was thus in Portugal, when Joam III. succeeded his father Emanuel, the most fortunate prince that ever sat upon a European throne: he was master of Ormuz, of Goa, and of Malacca in the East, thus commanding the whole trade of the Indian seas; the gold mines of Africa sent in rich returns to him, and the greater part of Morocco paid him tribute: to these treasures Joam III. succeeded, and never was there a period of greater national distress arising from poverty than at the commencement of his reign. It was thus in Spain, when ships came laden with silver and gold from Mexico and Peru; the fact was distinctly seen, and the cause distinctly stated by a contemporary writer: * the influx of specie produced a diminution in the value of money, and habits of lavish expenditure in the rich: rents were raised; all the necessities of life advanced in price; the burden fell upon the poor; and of the wealth which poured into the country in full streams, all that reached them was in the shape of more abundant alms, which made them more dependent than they were before, without preventing them from being more miserable.†

The evils which naturally flowed from a depreciated currency, were further aggravated by the measures of legislation. In this age commercial monopoly may be said to have had its birth; the English were solicitous to rival the Dutch in manufactures, and for this purpose, during the reign of Elizabeth, some most atrocious Acts were passed,‡ which robbed one por-

tion of the public for the benefit of another, and interfered with the liberty of all. The currency was tampered with by the Ministers of Edward VI., and this further served to fill the cup of misery brimful, whilst the inordinate taste for certain luxuries which now began to prevail, tended to force it over. The canon of the Church of Rome, which sets limits to the useless and wasteful consumption of animal food, and was so far, politically and morally, highly beneficial, was disregarded. Men eat meat to show their own wealth and their contempt of the Pope; and to supply these with beef and mutton, the arable fields of twenty happy peasants were converted into sheep-walks and pasture ground. The records of the period shew that this was the case; contemporaries are filled with complaints of the destruction of villages, and many of them directly attributed the misery which prevailed to the extension of farms. Some few, indeed, were absurd enough to charge the distress to the increase of towns—the obvious consequence of the acts of rustic depopulation—and a law was actually passed to prevent the metropolis from swelling beyond its proper bounds.

When men suffer, they think, and think rightly, that there is a remedy somewhere; and naturally enough, when ignorant themselves, repose confidence in those with the largest pretensions. The Legislature, which is always boasting of the happy results of its measures, stands ostensibly forward as the general redresser of grievances. Our forefathers applied to it on all occasions, and when there was no occasion, and we sedulously imitate their example. In vain political science informs us that legislative wisdom, when active, can do little but mischief—in vain the economist demonstrates that its interference with trade and commerce has uniformly produced misery—we do not believe a word of it, at least we act as if we did not; and, therefore, we do as our fathers did before us—apply successively to parliament, and still suffer on under its manifold blunders.

* The Inca Garcilasso, vol. ii. book 1. xv. p. 192.

† Quarterly Review, *ibid.*

c. 7. quoted in the Quarterly Review, vol.

• Wealth of Nations.

Ignorant alike of the cause of, and the remedy for, the sudden distress which, like a leprosy, overspread England at the period of the Reformation, but still labouring under the legislative passion, the government of the day resorted to measures eminently calculated to aggravate the evils they were intended to mitigate. The first of these was the law against vagrants. This prevented a free circulation of labour, and confined the disinherited peasant to his own neighbourhood, where the only commodity he was possessed of—his hands—was unsaleable. If he wandered from home he was enslaved, and if he then attempted to regain his freedom, he was hanged. To increase his misery he was prohibited from erecting a cottage unless there were *four* acres of ground attached to it. Is it any wonder that distress prevailed under such a system as this? Is it any wonder that the people submitted to the poor laws? The question is an important one too; did the Act of 1601* relieve the poor? At the moment it certainly must have stopped the cry of absolute hunger, but it ultimately left the peasantry in that state of misery and vassalage in which it found them, until in our day it has made them the most pitiable and immoral beings on the face of the earth.

It was directly calculated to effect this; the laws of settlement and maintenance gave the farmer a personal interest in pulling down cottages, and preventing the erection of new ones. The poor man was prohibited from seeking a market for his labour; he was obliged to give it for what the neighbouring oppressor chose to pay him, and he too calmly looked on, while the monopolists first pushed him to the road side, and next into the workhouse.

It is true all this did not take place at once, it was hatefully progressive. In spite of the slave-making law, mis-called *poors' rates*, he might have surmounted its difficulties, were it not for the new measures of government, enacted to keep alive their system of restrictions. The chief of these was

the fabrication of paper money. The peasantry had no sooner recovered from one blow than another was inflicted upon them; but the Act of Parliament which gave to paper the legal value of gold completed their ruin. It did this precisely in the same way that the influx of gold on the discovery of America did before; it nominally raised the price of all commodities BUT LABOUR. The farmer had an interest in all this; labour continued *cheap* while farm produce was *dear*; and, of course, the more he grew, the richer he became; land was therefore seized upon with avidity, and the few remaining peasants who yet tilled their little field, were quickly sent to keep company with their unfortunate brethren—as parish PAUPERS. The more independent of them hurried into the towns, became operatives, and served to give their country that apparent prosperity which arose out of the ruins of their own happiness.

We think we have proved that dear corn, in leading directly to land monopoly, has been the prime source of pauperism. While the poor man was allowed a patch of ground behind his cottage, the cry of misery was but seldom heard, and Dr. Price† adduces the following fact in proof of this:—In the year 1697 wheat was at three pounds per quarter, and other grain proportionably dear; but there was no clamour, and the exportation went on. Seventy-six years afterwards, when the quantity of money in the market was doubled, and the price of wheat below this sum, there was an alarm, the people were starving, and exportation was prohibited. 'The true reason of this,' says the doctor, 'seems to be, that the high price of bread was *not*, at the time I have mentioned, of *essential* consequence to the lower people; they lived more upon other food, which was then cheap; and being more generally *occupiers of land*, they were less under the necessity of PURCHASING BREAD; whereas now, being forced by greater difficulties, and the high price of all other food, to live principally or solely upon

* It should be borne in mind that the three seasons preceding this year were unfavorable. The Poor Laws were enacted when England was threatened with a famine.

† Observations on Reversionary Payments.

bread, if that is not cheap, they are rendered incapable of maintaining themselves.' 'Upon the whole,' continues the doctor, 'the circumstances of the lower ranks and day-labourer are altered, in almost every respect, for the worse, while tea, fine wheaten bread, and other delicacies, are become necessities, which were formerly unknown amongst them.' He elsewhere very justly observes, contrary to the received opinion, that 'a large tract of land in the hands of one man, neither yields so great a return, nor does it employ so many people, as it would if divided to a number of proprietors.'

These facts directly apply to the state of Ireland. In the most populous rural districts we find the least distress; and if without resident gentry, so much the better. We have said so before, but novel truths must be repeated, before they are credited. We formerly alluded to the barony of Forth, in the County of Wexford, and we now step across the kingdom into the remotest districts of Connaught. Trotter,* who loved on all possible occasions to dwell upon Irish misery, speaking of the Island of Achill, says, 'The Atlantic washes it on all sides, and its impetuous waves, during a storm, must make an awful uproar round it. The people were cheerful, obliging, and hospitable. We were received in a respectable cottage, as friends just arrived from a distant expedition. A snowy table-cloth was laid in their best room, and excellent potatoes, milk, eggs, and butter, very soon set before us. All this was done by the mistress of the house and her daughters, without affectation or awkwardness. The good man and his sons, well-dressed young men, who followed fishing, conversed with us in a very intelligent manner. This family refused any payment whatever for our dinner, and only regretted that the short time we had to stay prevented our having a better repast.' 'There was an originality about these people I had not anywhere seen. Their minds, calm and contented, were sullied by none of the odious passions of envy, revenge, avarice, or inordinate lust of power, which fill

the breasts of so great a portion of mankind. They wanted nothing, and had no tormenting desires for riches they could not use, and splendour they could not enjoy. The men had sufficient occupation between agriculture and fishing, mending nets, and occasionally going to Newport or Westport. The women had their household cares, spinning, and mending or making clothes, to attend to. Some of our friendly host's family came with us to our boat, and bade us farewell affectionately. We embarked, much gratified with their kindness, having experienced how faithfully they adhered to the spirit of the ancient Irish law, which says, 'The most holy men of heaven were respectable for their hospitality; and the gospel commands us to receive the sojourner, to entertain him, and to relieve his wants.' But I was sorry these islanders had not more comforts, better gardens, out-houses, cattle, and more fowl. They were, however, happily exempt from fever,—a great blessing at this moment,—and free from any of the miseries attending extreme poverty.'

In Erris, the wild Erris, he saw a scene still more delightful. 'Good habitations,' says he, 'and a well-dressed, sensible, and friendly people, appeared on all sides; and in Connaught's most sequestered and western parts, we discovered scenes not much inferior to those of the barony of Forth! Fine fowl, turkies, &c. good cattle, respectable out-houses, were to be seen, and the *calm independence of unoppressed agriculture*. Amazed and delighted, we often stopped to look round. In the extremity of the west of Ireland, in that Connaught, so long and so much misrepresented, which in England may be thought a barbarous and dangerous wild, *we beheld a country well cultivated, tranquil, and civilized, and no whit inferior to England herself*. In the remote parts of that side of the island, where the English never came till modern times introduced them, we saw as much civilization, and better agriculture, than in Leinster in general, their original settlement.' Man wants nothing from government but protection, give

* Walks through Ireland.

him 'a clear stage and no favour,' and his happiness is secured.

It is admitted on all hands, even M'Culloch himself admits, that individuals are the best judges, in general, of their own interests—they know, of course, what is, or is not, immediately advantageous to them; and, consequently, if we find the peasantry every where seeking for small patches of land, a *prima facie* case is made out in favour of small farms. In Ireland, in France, in Switzerland, and in the Netherlands, this is the first wish—the only ambition, of the poor man, and the Bedfordshire labourer, when asked by the parliamentary committee, whether his *rood* of ground was useful to him, replied, 'Oh, if it were not for that, I could not live at all.' Many of the writers on agriculture have stated that the English peasantry would not accept of gardens, because, forsooth, they could earn more by working for others than cultivating them. But this is one of the ten thousand *lies* promulgated by interested men, relative to the farm servants of this country. Their constant complaint is, that they have been *deprived* of their little gardens, and they regard it now as a favour to be allowed a piece of land, at the rate of TEN POUNDS* an acre, to grow potatoes on.

No system, either of free trade or prohibitions, can regulate the seasons, nor, of course, prevent perpetual fluctuations in the market price of provisions. We have already seen that wages do not immediately conform to these variations, and hence the necessity of the poor man having a supply of such provisions as may, in cases of emergency, prevent him from feeling the full effects of a season of scarcity, while at the same time they will enable him to avail himself at once of the advantages of a season of plenty. Were it not for this, the present misery in Ireland had been four-fold; as it was, the distress has been mostly confined to the manufacturing operatives. Small farms thus, by increasing the quantity of food—and whatever food is most abundant is most wholesome—tend to keep down the price of provisions, and by doing this the temp-

tations to monopolize land are considerably lessened; for land is comparatively valueless unless when the price of grain is high; and on this fact hinges the difference between an agricultural and manufacturing population. In a country where trade—for there must be a trade every where—is subservient to the interest of agriculture, the people, for the reason already stated, must be comparatively happy—they will grow their own food; they never feel the sudden vicissitudes which attend kingdoms purely commercial. But, on the other hand, where the majority of the people are manufacturers, where agriculture is subservient to trade, population must be continually pressing against the means of subsistence—they must eat the *dearest* bread in the world—and in the smallest quantities.

We know that this opinion is not orthodox, but it is nevertheless easily proved. Extensive manufactures must be carried on in towns, and whether it be from impure air, nature of employments, early habits, or the force of imitation—the taste of citizens, in matters of diet, has always differed from that of the peasantry. Townspeople will have animal food and the finest bread; the humblest mechanic partakes of these in a more or less quantity; he cannot live without them; but still he enjoys neither better health nor more happiness—quite the contrary—than the peasant who fares on food universally considered less palatable. To be sure, Mr. M'Culloch tells us that a luxurious mode of living among operatives has this advantage—when the crash comes—and come it will perpetually, while commerce is bolstered up by duties and prohibitions—the mechanic can give up his delicacies, and betake himself to plainer food: whereas, distress in Ireland is but one step, from potatoes to famine. Now this has the merit of great plausibility; but it is, nevertheless, the merest sophistry, demonstrated to be false by the *lute* suffering in the manufacturing districts. The starving people found no cheaper food than wheaten bread. Barley and oaten bread was quite as dear, and as for potatoes, they became even more expensive than roas,

* That would be at the rate of 15*l.* an acre of Irish measure.

beef. The truth is—and an economist should have known it—whatever is the universal food of the lower class will be the cheapest food in the country. Mr. M'Culloch knows that consumption is the object of production, and that where there is not consumption there will not be production. His plainer food existed only in imagination; it might, indeed, be imported, but *then* will it be *cheap*? But even were M'Culloch's statement true, the manufacturing labourer could not avail himself of the circumstance. His wages at the best of times are merely sufficient to keep soul and body together, and, when out of employment, he must be miserable. His, indeed, is but one step from comparative plenty to destitution; but this is *not* the case with the prudent peasant, who grows his own food—his is not a *daily* but an *annual* supply—and when there is a deficiency, he can, and ought, to put himself on short allowance. The necessity may be regretted, but still it is to be preferred to six months of plenty followed by six months of suffering.

We do not mean to say that the manufacturing operatives should eat nothing but vegetables—far from it—there is a medium in all things. Neither would we have the peasant subsist solely on such diet; nor does he any where—even in Ireland; and perhaps we know the condition of the people of that country better than the thousand and one who now talk upon the subject. The mechanics every where must have animal food and wheaten bread. This is no crime, nor do we blame them for it—the evil lies in the circumstances which render this necessary.

There are three facts now universally established beyond the power of cavil. *First*, Rent has no influence whatever on prices or profits; *secondly*, Corn is cheap or dear, not because rents are paid, but because tillage is extended to poor lands, or confined to the best grounds; and *thirdly*, the general rate of wages in

all countries must and do influence the rate of wages and the quantity of employment in each particular country. We shall not adduce any arguments to support these, the truth of which Mr. Ricardo has already established.

Now the quality of food in general use has a material influence on the price of provisions; because this depends on the extent of tillage. The quantity of ground necessary to grow wheat enough for one man, would produce wholesome vegetables enough for half a score, while the land necessary to feed beef for two, would grow wheat enough for a dozen. Nature is prodigal in the production of *wholesome* food, but is comparatively reluctant in her offerings of more *palatable* substances. The state of agriculture in England is a singular and melancholy proof of this. There are occupied in producing

Bread . . .	5,000,000 Acres.
Liquids . . .	1,250,000 —
ANIMAL FOOD	20,000,000 —
Vegetables . .	1,250,000 —
Feeding horses	4,800,000 —
Waste* . . .	6,800,000 —

This statement accounts very satisfactorily for the monopoly of land, the degradation and paucity of the peasantry, while it shows that provisions must be always much dearer in England than in any other country on the globe; the space occupied for feeding animals being full two-thirds of the productive surface, and consequently comprehending much inferior soil. Now, where food is dear, wages must be high; and when they are higher with us than with our neighbours, we must labour under many disadvantages. We must work harder or eat less; and, in the end, give existence to circumstances which render the introduction of machinery necessary. It may be laid down as a rule, that machinery is mischievous, when it is introduced to do what could be done as well or better by manual labour, and the usual implements.

* This is Mr. Middleton's statement in his 'Survey of Middlesex,' published by the Board of Agriculture; but, according to the parliamentary returns in 1821, there were of commons and waste lands in England and Wales, NINE MILLION acres.

† Importation of grain adds at least 25 per cent. to the original cost, were there even no duty.

Nothing had been, until recently, so little understood in England, as the state of the labouring classes. The sight of factories, of increasing towns, of prosperous commerce and *sightly* agriculture, were taken as so many indications of a happy population; but, alas! the wretches who gave existence to all these were miserable. More than fifty years ago, Arthur Young, a very competent judge, compared the state of the English and Irish labourer, so far as animal happiness was concerned, and gave a decided preference to the latter. The truth is, where the habitual diet of the labourer is flesh and wheaten bread, he hardly ever, during his life, gets a bellyful. Sir Francis Burdett some time since, and the Morning Chronicle recently, have stated, that the emigrants from Ireland have debased and degraded the English peasantry, and must continue to increase the evil, if

not put a stop to. Poor Paddy joins in the yell which hunts him down as a brute, but the respectable Editor of the Chronicle ought to know, that were all the Irish labourers in England distributed through the kingdom, there would not be *one* to every two parishes—and that the poor laws which have destroyed the happiness and independence of the English poor, have also produced similar results in Ireland. This may appear paradoxical; we shall prove it, however, in our next, when the question, 'ought Ireland to have poor laws?' will be finally answered. We could not have done so sooner. It was necessary that we should have cleared away all incumbrances—have taken a fair and comprehensive view of pauperism and its causes, before we proceeded to investigate the situation of the Irish poor, and decide on the means of their relief.

LETTERS FROM A LONDON STUDENT.—NO. V.

MY DEAR EDITOR,—It is a long while since I wrote to you, and you will perhaps wonder less at my long silence than that I should select this moment for breaking it. Now, when the town is empty, and the very soul of London has departed from its body, what in this world, you will say, can induce him to write? I answer, listlessness, *ennui*, a want of something to do; 'a truant disposition, good, my lord;' or it may be, a lurking suspicion that I ought to be ashamed of myself for not having done so long ago. Out of these five apologetical reasons (you know I was always good at excuses), you may choose which you will, and I can keep the other four for a future occasion.

Well, the truth is, that London at this time of year is a mighty dull place—that is, to your fashionable folks,—but to thee and me, dear editor, whom Heaven has blessed with contemplative minds, even the deserts would be peopled. We can find

'Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,

Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.'

I can wander, and I do, through this vast city, and fancy that I am in Pompeii. Doors stand open, and the

shopkeepers and artisans stand gaping idly for lack of employment, as motionless as if their animal functions had been suspended by some spell.

'There is no speculation in those eyes,
Which they do glare withal.'

The shutters of the drawing-room windows are closed, the mortified faces of housekeepers are seen behind the parlour blinds, area gates are locked, carriages roll not, and none are busy but house-painters and tallow-chandlers. London is as 'a world left empty of its throng.' Its beauty is fled; and the young and fashionable, who three months ago shone in all their bravery through its streets, are gone to seek the calm delights of the country, and to lay up a stock of health and strength for the campaign of the next winter. Even those who are neither young nor fashionable seem to have shunned the town, and have emigrated to Margate, Ramsgate, Brighton, and the other disagreeable little towns which are called watering places, along the line of our southern coast, where they bathe and boil themselves, and seem to forget that such things as the 'London Gazette' and commissioners of bankrupt have existence.

And yet London is not wholly unpleasant to me at this time. The

worth and excellence of its charms in the winter are enhanced by the contemplation of its present forlorn condition. So true it is that

— what we have we prize not to the worth,

While we enjoy it; but being lacked and lost,

Why then we rack the value; then we find

The virtue that possession would not show us

Whilst it was ours. —

In this light do I look upon my present sojourn in London as good for me—like epicures, who eat olives, and horse-radish, and mustard, and a thousand other things, the abstract taste of which is not agreeable, only because they excite their appetites for other dainties. I take a fortnight in London now that I may the more enjoy the winter. Every sweet must have its sour.

Inspido è quel dolce, che condito

Non è di qualche amaro, e tosto satia.

And to this conviction you may (if you like it better than the other reasons I have given you) attribute the date of this letter.

Every body here is talking about the approaching Parliament, and I suppose it is a subject of no little interest to you also. The Catholic question you know, of course, is to be set at rest for ever. An obscure attorney—that is to say, a person obscure as an attorney, but illustrious in a thousand other ways—one John Wilks, has been returned as member of parliament for Sudbury, perhaps the most rotten of all rotten boroughs, and declares that he will put down the Roman Catholic religion, and his Holiness the Pope, and ‘all that sort of thing.’ Of course we are all ruined; for what resistance can we hope to make against the power which this gentleman means to array against us? There is, it is true, one chance in our favour. The people belonging to some of the Joint Stock Companies which he invented, and to which he owes his sudden rise, have uttered some ugly threats about prosecution, and so forth. If these threats are more than wind, Mr. Wilks may have other fish to fry, and may abandon his project of destroying the Catholic church, root and branch; but hardly anything short of this can save us.

I happened to be in that part of the country when the Sudbury election took place. An English borough election was no new sight to me, but such an election as this was, did astonish me. A scene of more unmixed blackguardism never was beheld. Of the electors, I should think there were not three sober men in the town any day during the contest after noon, and bad as they are at all times in this dirty town, they even exceeded themselves when they got drunk with Wilks beer. A dirty butcher who has acquired the cognomen of ‘Roaring Tommy,’ was the chief leader of Wilks’s party, and particularly distinguished himself by applauding and repeating the attorney’s anathemas against the Roman Catholic religion. Reeking with the effect of his zeal, and in a state of furious intoxication, Roaring Tommy stood on a tub under the window of the inn from which Wilks used to harangue his mob. Whenever Wilks said anything about freedom, Roaring Tommy got up a shout from some followers of his own, and whenever religion was mentioned, he broke out into the most furious invectives, conveyed in such language as I shall not write, against Popery, as he and Wilks call the Roman Catholic faith. One day, when the Mountebank had finished, the Jack Pudding made a speech of his own. Hoarse with shouting, and stupid from drunkenness, steadying himself on his tub by holding against the wall of the house with one hand, while the other was filled with a large tankard; he began, ‘Gen’lm’n and brother freemen, what I have to say is this here. Muster Wilks shall come in, because as how he’s the man as ’ll stand up for our rights, and won’t stand no popery! Well, and so—hiccup—and so—and so—(raising his tankard)—here’s a bigger loaf for two-pence—and no parsons of no kind—and d—n the pope.’ A loud shout followed this burst of eloquence. Tommy lifted up the tankard to his mouth, and soon after, overcome by his emotions, or by the beer, he rolled off his tub into the kennel, and was carried home in a state of insensibility.

You will wonder who this Wilks is: as I have nothing better to do, I will tell you for the information of our

friends. His grandfather was a Methodist parson, who had been a carpenter, or a blacksmith, or of some such trade. Like Mawworm, this man 'had a call,' and being possessed of a rude natural eloquence, soon made great way with the old women and saints about the district of Finsbury, and became, as compared with his former havings, tolerably rich. He had several sons, one of whom was the father of the hopeful subject we are upon, and was an attorney to boot. Wilks the attorney, the father, has a knack of speaking, and you may see, by the public papers, that he melts the hearts of the frequenters of the Bible Society meetings, and so forth. Wilks the attorney, the son, now the member for Sudbury, (or, as Tom Moore facetiously calls it, Sudsbury,) having arrived at years of discretion, was not satisfied with the small share his father gave him of his business, and began the world on his own account. At first he tried the evangelical line, but does not seem to have been happy in it. Then he made a wretched book, supposed to be a Biographical Dictionary of Methodist Parsons, and a more wretched book, called the 'Life of the late Queen Caroline.' Then in a golden hour, he was prompted to begin the Joint Stock Schemes. Bull was in a humour to be gulled: and nothing proves it more than that so clumsy a fellow as this Wilks should succeed with him.

Peter Moore (poor Peter!) joined in the design, and for a time things went on so swimmingly that the jugglers fancied there would be no end to their gains. A British Annuity Company, a Cornwall and Devonshire Mining, a Suffolk Railway, a Kent Railway, a Welsh Iron Mining, an Aegis Fire and Life Insurance, and heaven knows how many more companies, were projected and brought out by Wilks, and Peter Moore, and a Lord Tyneham, and Lord Palmerston, and others. At length the bubble burst, and the shareholders saw they had been bitten. Wilks's adherents fell off from him, and at this moment he is left 'alone in his glory,' with the anticipations (not comfortable ones, I should think,) of what the next Session of Parliament and the next Michaelmas Term may bring him.

There will be some other queer cattle in the next parliament. Ironmonger, the stage-coach-man, has backed out by dying; but Bish, the Lottery-office keeper, means to stand, if they will let him. He did one wise thing in getting rid of Drury-Lane, why can't he *encore* himself, and do the same with his seat in parliament?

Talking of theatres, really London is not badly off in this respect just now. Matthews is making the people laugh till their sides ache, by playing a rascally Yorkshire Footman at the English Opera House, and long Cooke, who has been frightening the folks at Paris with his Vampyre and Frankenstein, is now doing the same at this theatre. Liston is playing Paul Pry at the Haymarket till he is tired; a feeling in which the audience by no means participate, for they go every night to see him, and would do for the next half century, if some new object did not arise to catch their attention. It is in vain that you tell them they are fools, for being so outrageously pleased with what is really not very witty, (nor for more than once) very amusing. The public does not value all the abuse or reproof that you can heap upon them at a risk, and as Swift says, 'there is not through all nature another so callous and insensible a member as the world's posteriors, whether you apply it to the toe or the birch.' Liston spoke an address the other night at his benefit, bewailing the inconveniences of his popularity, and complaining that his face is represented upon all kinds of utensils, until he is treated almost as irreverently as was the father of Horace Twiss, the celebrated orator and member of parliament. But perhaps you did not know that he was so celebrated—never mind, there are many other people as ignorant as yourself. The speaker of the House of Commons sat in the next box to me the other night at Liston's benefit, and when 'the gods' were very noisy for an encore, he half got up, and looked as if he was about to utter his usual exclamation of 'Order in the gallery!' I verily believe he had more than half forgotten himself, and was within an ace of doing it.

Covent Garden and Drury Lane are going to begin, and promise great

things. Covent Garden goes on in the old way. What Drury is to do with her new Yankee manager we shall see. In the mean time we must say, we don't exactly see why this gentleman should come all the way from America to cater for the British appetite. No disparagement to him, but we trust we have—we are sure we ought to have—

— within our land
Five hundred good as he.

and the U. S. (as Mr. Jonathan W. Doubikins calls it) is a pretty particular considerable long way off the spot in which we should have looked for a manager.

Next to the theatres I must tell you that Les Missionnaires are making a great noise in Paris. They leave no means untried for stirring up the zeal of the good people of France, and as always happens with the most praiseworthy designs when too much zeal is mingled with them, they become ridiculous. They have adopted the plan which a fanatical preacher in London invented, when he said the devil should not have all the pretty tunes to himself. The missionaries in France have had psalms written to popular airs, and have them sung at their religious assemblies. One of these is to the tune of the huntsman's chorus in *Der Freyschutz*. I subjoin you the first verse, but to have an idea of its ridiculous effect you must sing it.

Chretien diligent,
Devance l'aurore ;
Au Seigneur en corps,
Adresse tes chants !
La Mission t'appelle,
Aux pieds de l'autel ;
Viens prier avec elle,
Car ton corps est mortel.
Du Grand St. Gregoire
Celebrons la memoire ;

Du haut de sa gloire
Le Saint te repondra ;
Ave Maria,
Gratiae plena,
La la lera la, &c.

It was said many years ago by a French wit, that the Government of France was 'an absolute monarchy, tempered by songs,' but it remained for this age to carry the national propensity into the affairs of religion.

Among the sights which are to be seen in London, however, none can compare with the splendid panorama of Madrid, opened the other day. It is not only very excellent as a painting, the ærial perspective being carried to such a point of perfection as has hardly ever before been reached, but extremely interesting on every account. The bustle of the town, the picturesque appearance of the people from the different provinces, whose costumes are described with great accuracy, the singular buildings, the mixture of majesty and meanness which Madrid always presents, is brought before the eye of the spectator with astonishing force and fidelity. The new palace, the churches, the beautiful gate of Alcala, the Placa de los Toros, the celebrated Puerta del Sol, and all the more remarkable edifices in the city, are given, and distant views of the Escorial, and of *El Buen Retiro*, with the large plain in which Madrid stands, and the distant mountains, make up a very delightful picture. So complete is the delusion that with a slight stretch of fancy you may believe yourself standing in the streets of this city, and looking up at the very balconies, which remind you of all the tales of love and intrigue which are associated with it. But farewell—my paper and my time are exhausted, perhaps your patience is in the same plight. Ever your's,

TERENCE O'TOOLE.

SKETCHES OF A SOLDIER'S LIFE IN IRELAND

Now for guns, trumpets, blunderbuss, and thunder, — still-hunting, and rebel-hunting—orange-justice, and no-justice, Shanavests, Caravats, Whiteboys, and Captain Rock! What delightful subjects are to be found in Ireland,—we mean for an author! Our pen could run riot on one and all; call up the fierce passions and kindlier feelings; describe heart-rending scenes; and anon, luxuriate amongst calmer joys and domestic quietude; launch into episodes of individual suffering; draw, with fidelity, stone-hearted parsons, and iron-hearted proctors, magistrates that 'murder whilst they smile,' and orangemen who never smile but when they murder; not forgetting religious strife and political contention.

You have not to dive for such pearls as these in Ireland; they lie upon the surface of society, and might have been easily picked up by a soldier—more particularly when that soldier happened to be a Scotchman. Our author, however, has nearly missed them all; he wanted that mental grasp which could seize and retain them; yet, though his talents are of a very minor order, he seems to be like the majority of his countrymen, liberal, and independent. He belonged, we believe, to the 94th, a Scotch regiment, quartered some years ago in Wexford, which he tells us is situated in the West of Ireland. In this little volume he describes himself as a non-commissioned officer, but we mistake much if he did not wear an epaulet.

Of all the places in Ireland, Wexford was least likely to furnish materials for imparting charms to a soldier's life—we mean in print; for who has ever lived there, and wished to leave it? The moral and industrious habits of the people—the peaceable plenty which abounds, and the more than Dutch or English neatness which characterises the greater part of that county, rendered it very unlikely that a stranger, and that stranger a soldier, should meet with many adventures of a novel or appalling nature, and accordingly there is

nothing in the volume before us which indicates any thing of what is understood by 'Irish life.' There are a few meagre sketches which might have been drawn any where—if ever true—and the following picture, which we know to be accurate, for we have seen 'Poor Molly.'

'Molly Kelly was the daughter of a small farmer in an adjoining county. She had been seduced by a young man of the same neighbourhood under promise of marriage, which he delayed to fulfil so long, that Mary finding herself in a situation she could not long conceal, disclosed the secret to her mother. Knowing that her father was of a stern unforgiving temper, she endeavoured to keep it from his knowledge, but it was soon found necessary to tell even him. In his first transports of rage he threatened to take her life, and her mother was obliged to conceal her from his fury; she endeavoured to excite his pity for the unfortunate girl, but all she could get him to do was to restrain his anger until he saw whether the young man would marry her, (who was accordingly sent for,) but he refused in the most insulting terms. This was communicated by the heart-broken mother to Mary, who at the same time warned her of her father's anger, and advised her to go to a relation's house at some distance, until he could be brought to forgive her; this Mary at first refused to do, but her mother urged her departure, and she at length consented.

'Having reached her friend's house, she remained there until within a few days of the delivery of her child, when she left it without giving any intimation, and wandered as far as her precarious situation permitted. She was seized with the pains of labour in a cottage where she had gone in to rest herself, and was delivered of a daughter before she left it. The people were kind to her and administered every thing to her comfort their circumstances admitted; but poor Mary's distress of mind enhanced her danger: she was seized with violent inflammation and became deli-

* 'Scenes and Sketches of a Soldier's Life in Ireland, by the author of "Recollections of an Eventful Life," &c. Tait, Edinburgh, 1826.'

rious. The disorder however at length subsided, and she gradually recovered her health, but her reason was gone for ever.

'Her situation was taken notice of by some kind-hearted people, and they meditated taking the child from her, but she was so harmless and so fond of the babe, grew so uneasy and even frantic when any one attempted to take it, and besides had so much natural nourishment for it, that they allowed it to remain with her.

'For nearly a twelvemonth she roved about from one place to another subsisting on charity, when the child caught the small pox; at first she did not seem to understand that it was sick, but when the disorder came to a height, she felt uneasy at seeing the pustules which covered its skin, and one day she carried the poor infant to a stream and endeavoured to wash them off with a wisp of straw. Some person passing discovered her thus employed and interfered to save the child, but it was too late, it had expired in her hands; but she would not part with it until it was forcibly taken from her to be buried.

'From this time the disorder of her mind assumed a different type. She would not enter a house, but slept about old walls or barns, and mourned continually for her child. Some one thought of giving her a large doll by the way of quieting her mind, and the experiment was so far successful; she lavished the same fondness on it, dressed it, and nursed it, as if it had been a living child; but she still avoided going into the houses, unless when the weather was very severe; then she would seek some favourite house and chaunt over the rhyme at the door, that I heard the woman repeat on my coming out of the room.

"Open the door to pretty Polly, for this is a cold winter night;
It rains, it hails, it blows, and the elements
give no light."

'Her petition was never in vain for they were all fond of poor Molly; but her constitution could not long withstand the constant exposure to the weather; her health gradually gave

way, and one morning the wretched victim of seduction and parental cruelty was found dead by the side of a ditch.'

The regiment we are told—and we willingly believe it—left Wexford* with regret, and took up their quarters in Kilkenny; here they were employed in duty of a truly *Irish* species.

'In the course of duty, I was one of a detachment sent to a village about twenty miles from head-quarters, where the inhabitants were in a disturbed state. From the accounts given us by the constables when we first went there, we were led to believe that the whole country was in arms, ready, when the word was given, to massacre all opposed to their schemes. But we soon found that their fears or their prejudices had magnified the cause of alarm to a wonderful degree. Before we became acquainted with the true state of affairs, they made us complete hacks, calling us out to their assistance in every drunken squabble which took place, often through their own insolent behaviour.

'I remember one night we were turned out in a great hurry by one of the constables, who rode up to our barrack, with his horse sweating and his face pale with terror. He laid off a dreadful story of his coming home from the fair of T——, and on the top of a hill, about two miles from the town, he had unexpectedly come upon about two hundred Shanavests in a field, holding one of their nocturnal meetings, who, when they saw him, shouted out and fired half-a-dozen shots at him; that he seeing it no use to face so many, set spurs to his horse and fled, followed by a whole troop of them to the very end of the village.

'Having turned out we set off at a double quick pace towards the scene of action; on reaching the foot of the hill, where he said the boys were assembled, we loaded, fixed our bayonets, and were gallantly led up to the attack by the constable himself.

"Easy, easy boys," said he, "we'll be on them in a jiffy—don't fire till I give you the word, and you'll see we'll surround them and take them

* The author, for what purpose we know not, does not write the name of the towns which he visited in full. His local allusions, however, point them out with sufficient distinctness.

all prisoners." So saying, he crept softly on some way in front—the night was very dark and we could see nothing distinctly, but when within about fifty yards of the top of the hill, we were startled by a tremendous clatter of feet upon the stones of the road, followed by the cry of "murder, murder! fire, fire;" We had not been accustomed to waste our ammunition uselessly, and waited a second or two to see what we had to fire at; but one of our party (a recruit) snapt his musket on the alarm; luckily for the constable it missed fire, for it was directed at him as the only object that could be seen. In less time however than I could relate it, the cause of our alarm rushed past in the shape of a horse that had sprung from the field upon the road, as we advanced. Having reached the spot pointed out by the constable, nothing could be seen but a few heifers grazing about, quite unconscious of having disturbed the peace. We certainly did not feel well pleased at being turned out at such an unseasonable hour, to no purpose, and we taxed the constable roundly with imagining the whole story, but he swore by all that was good, that every word of what he told was truth. Next morning, however, we were convinced that our surmises were correct, for on inspecting the field where the Shanavests were said to be assembled, not a single foot-mark could be seen, although the ground was moist from previous rain; besides it was well known that the constable had taken a sup too much at the fair, for when he left it he was scarcely able to sit his horse.

For some time we were regularly called out by these fellows, when they went to destrain a man's goods for rent or tythes, until we were more like the bailiff's body guard than any thing else. But after being made fools of in this way two or three times, our officer remonstrated and arranged matters so, that we were not obliged to go out without a special order from the magistrate. This relieved us from the petty affairs more immediately under the cognizance of the constable, but still we had enough to do in following the magistrate, who seemed to consider a hunt after his

countrymen even more amusing than one after the fox. Had the people been peaceably inclined, his conduct would have goaded them on to outrage. He was continually up to the ears in business—some momentous matter always in hand. Every trifling riot was magnified into a deep-laid rebellion—if a cabin or a hay-stack was set on fire, a whole village was burned—if one man was wounded, a dozen were killed, and so on, always magnifying the event in proportion to the distance. His conduct put me in mind of those amateurs, who when they want to bait a bull, aggravate it to the necessary pitch to create them sufficient sport, and then allege its madness as a pretext for treating it cruelly.

On the other hand there were magistrates who going to the opposite extreme, rendered themselves useless to the country. One of this description lived near us, and from having no strength of mind, or reliance on his own judgment, was alternately the slave of either party, repealing now, what he had enacted before—ordering men to be apprehended one day as criminals, and on being threatened by their party, releasing them the next,—he was despised by all and trusted by none. There were not wanting magistrates who, to an active and effective execution of their duty, added discrimination and a conciliatory spirit; but I am sorry to say that their efforts were often neutralized by the blundering hot headed zeal, or the timid inanity of their colleagues in office.

Although the alarmists made the most of every trifling circumstance that occurred, yet it cannot be denied that some very barbarous actions were committed by the associated bands of shanavests and caravats, always directed, however, against individuals who showed themselves forward in oppressing them, or who took the land at a rack-rent over their heads. Nothing could be more absurd than to say they had any regular political aim in view; in their combination the two parties seemed to have a jealousy of each other, and often fell out at their hurling matches and beat each other soundly; and there were a good many spies among them in pay of the

magistracy, who gave information of all their proceedings. While we were there they had a quantity of arms which they had forcibly taken from people in the neighbourhood who, (being loyalists), were authorized to keep them. A smith belonging to their faction kept them in repair, but when payment came to be asked for his trouble, instead of money they gave him a *good licking* for his presumption. Barny did not like this mode of clearing scores, and, to be revenged, gave in a list of the names of all who had arms in their possession to the magistrate. This list was stuck up at the cross-roads along with a summons, to deliver them up or stand the consequence. Some did comply, but the greater number evaded the order by secreting them. Barny, however, would not let them slip that way, he conducted us to an old drain where we found upwards of forty stand of blunderbusses, fowling-pieces, and pistols; but the two thirds of them were so much out of repair that it would have been dangerous to use them. Poor Barny from the time he had lodged the information was obliged to take up his quarters with us, and eventually had to bid his "native land good night," for his share in the business, and I daresay did not venture back in a hurry.'

Further than this we have very little relative to Ireland. We cannot, however, close the volume, without extracting the author's very just observations on flogging—that disgrace of the British soldier.

'Corporal punishment ought to be abolished altogether; I am perfectly convinced it could be done without. In many regiments we have strong proofs of the allegation and the fact, that where punishment is most frequent, the men are the worst behaved, and *vice versa* cannot be denied.

'It cannot fail to humble a regiment to have one of their number flogged, and it ruins the individual. No man who has prided himself on his character, can look up after it, he bears a humiliating sense of disgrace about him for ever after: "a worm that will not sleep and never dies." My character, he will say, is gone, I can never hold up my head among my comrades; all prospect of promotion

is lost to me, for should my officers at any future period offer it, how could I, who have been tied up, and my back lacerated before the gaze of the whole regiment, ever feel confidence to command those who have witnessed my disgrace, and to whom I have been an object of pity or scorn, either of which is alike humiliating to a mind not entirely callous.

'The first man I saw flogged, received eight hundred lashes, for desertion—it would have been more merciful to have shot him; but men have been known to receive a thousand lashes before they were taken down from the halberts, and on occasions where nature could not bear the punishment awarded at once, they have been brought out again, and again, to have their half-healed backs torn open afresh!—They have been known to faint under their punishment, and again be flogged into life! On other occasions their agony was lengthened out by giving the lash by tap of drum, allowing half a minute to elapse between each tap, and when the mangled back was cut through the skin, and the bare muscle quivered under the scourge, the only mercy extended was to inflict the rest of the punishment on some other part of the body! And yet all this was done under the eyes of people professing christianity and civilization—who were yearly inundating parliament with petitions against flogging negroes with a cart-whip—yes, while the blood of their countrymen was sprinkling a barrack square, and their cries were ringing in their ears! They saw it not—heard it not—their feelings were too fine for aught but distant misery. The groans of their tortured countrymen were given to the wind—no voice was heard in their behalf—no arm was raised to save.—Yes, there were a few who vindicated the cause of insulted humanity, and they live in the grateful remembrance of the soldier; but their efforts were rendered ineffectual through the opposition of men whom I dare not trust myself to speak about.

'How individuals can be found to stand up in the senate of a free and enlightened country, and vindicate this brutal and inhuman mode of punishment, is an anomaly not easily to be accounted for.'

PROCEEDINGS OF THE AMERICAN PHRENOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

At a recent sitting of the American Phrenological Society the following papers and reports were read, and an abstract of them ordered to be printed.

I. *A paper on Pompey's head, by Dr. Mitchel.*

In this paper the doctor very satisfactorily shows that the account given by Plutarch, and other historians, of the character and career of Pompey the Great must be incorrect in many particulars, being led to this conclusion by certain developments of that great man's head; and by deductions drawn from the protuberances of his cerebral lobes, which have been thus fortunately preserved to refute the calumnies and expose the misrepresentations of those writers who have undertaken the history of his life. Plutarch, more particularly, is proved to have *run bump* against the truth, in many instances, in his biography of the illustrious Triumvir. We thus see what an empty skull may achieve in philosophy; and that craniology, which *empty* heads have contributed so much to advance, develops in the course of its investigations this final moral—that even the dead will rise up to confound the slanderer, and the grave itself yield up its tenants to vindicate truth and uphold justice. The doctor was also successful in demonstrating that the moral sentiments and intellectual qualities are not seated in the stomach, but are exclusively confined to the cerebrum.*

II. *Remarks on the cerebral developments of Robert Bruce, compared with the historical accounts of him. By Mr. William Scott.*

Mr. Scott very clearly shows that Robert Bruce, whose head, in thus turning traitor against its owner, only proves that it deserved to be cut off *in terrorem* like those of all other traitors, could not have been that enthusiast for liberty he is represented to have been, as his head exhibits

the organ of destructiveness in large development, resembling, in that respect, the head of Buonaparte and other despots who have enslaved and oppressed mankind. From close and attentive examination of the skull, Mr. Scott is of opinion that another history of this great man is requisite in order to correct the misrepresentations that prevail respecting him.†

III. *An examination of several Irish heads. By Mr. Scott.*

A curious fact is developed in this paper, viz. that the *combative* and *social* organs are closely united in the occiputs of the Irish: in other words, that the pugnacious and social propensities, so strangely combined in their character, are clearly traceable to the organization of their cerebral hemispheres, thus exhibiting the connection between phrenology and moral science. At their wakes and fairs the Irish assemble chiefly for the purpose of knocking each other on the head; and regard the *ties of blood* both in a combative and social sense, their friendships, and other connections in life, being generally begun and created by broken heads and noses. Hence a word and a blow is synonymous with them; and a thump equivalent to a repartee, and *black eyes* considered more expressive than those of any other colour.‡

IV. *On the phrenology of the Hindoos. By Dr. George Murray Patterson.*

This is a very highly original memoir. It demonstrates that the Hindoos are more scantily furnished with the 'knowing faculties'§ than any other people whose cerebrums have been examined by phrenologists; in other words, that they are the greatest fools upon earth. This seems

* In pursuing his investigation Dr. Gall encountered great difficulties in the extraordinary conflict of opinions every where prevailing. He found that the moral sentiments had, by almost universal consent, been consigned to the thoracic and abdominal viscera. Chapman's Jour. No. 15, p. 175.

† A perusal of this paper shows us the assistance which phrenology may render to history and biography, by analyzing character, and correcting the misrepresentations of extravagant eulogium, or mercenary asperity. Ibid. p. 200.

‡ The Irish of the lower ranks, it is well known, delight in fighting for its own sake. A blow is with them a smart repartee, and fighting in general an agreeable exercise to keep the blood cool. Ibid. p. 174.

§ The 'knowing faculties,' in the phrenological division, are less active in the Hindoo, &c. &c. Ibid. p. 85.

established by the whole osteology of their craniums. It was also found that that portion of the bone that indicates the organ of wit, *slopes off* so as to afford no chance of a Hindoo's ever saying a good thing, or rising to a pun in the whole course of his existence.*

V. On the cerebral peculiarities of the English. By a Correspondent.

From the results of numerous dissections, it appears that the propensity to travelling, as indicated by structural peculiarity, and the organ of *self-approbation*, are singularly combined in the heads of the English; and there is scarcely any one fact that tends more strongly to illustrate the certainty of phrenological science. An Englishman, on setting out upon his travels, deliberately puts aside all his kindlier feelings, and turning up his nose keeps that feature in a retorted position to the end of his tour, however extended it may be; and the further he goes the better pleased he is with himself, and out of humour with others.

VI. A dissection of several distinguished American heads. By Dr. Physic.

Dr. Physic stated to the society that it was with infinite regret he felt himself called upon to lay before them the result of these dissections. The *verbal* propensity, or that talkative disposition for which the Americans are so remarkable, was strikingly indicated by certain exuberances of the cerebrum which the doctor believed would not be found in any other heads. This structural peculiarity at once accounts for the long speeches—the unmerciful harangues with which the members of the American congress are in the daily habit of inflicting that body; to the infinite concern of their constituents—the amusement of those foreigners who occasionally attend the debates—but to their own perfect satisfaction. As the great interests of the nation are likely to suffer from this talkative propensity on the part of those who represent it in the Congress, Dr. Physic is of opinion that the only method likely to effect a partial cure of the evil would be to subject each member, under the penalty of forfeit-

ing his seat, to a probationary silence of *thirty days*, which would be but a small deduction, when it is recollected how much may be said in the remaining ninety days; and that in all probability gentlemen would be studious to atone to *themselves* for the loss of time they had been doomed to sustain.

VII. An examination of the skulls of thirty murderers. By Mr. Combe.

In all these examinations a wonderful correspondence of cerebral organization was found to prevail; and the investigation adds a number of important facts to moral and physical science.

VIII. Report of the committee appointed to examine the heads of the convicts in the Penitentiary, and of the children in the different almshouses of the city.

The Report sets forth that, of the five hundred convicts confined in the Penitentiary, above one half appear to have been very justly condemned, having the indicia of criminal propensities strongly marked on every one of them; while the remainder the committee are inclined to consider innocent, or only partially guilty. With respect to their employments, the committee found that not one in ten had been placed at the trade for which Nature designed him. One, for instance, whom Nature evidently designed for a barber, was employed as a butcher; a blacksmith was made a friseur; and one convict, in particular, whose craniological structure plainly indicated that he was especially fitted to excel in the higher mathematics, was discovered to be a brass-founder by occupation. The committee were so much disgusted by this and other incongruities, that they left the prison without fully completing the object of their visit. The examination of the heads of the children in the almshouses was somewhat more satisfactory. The committee there found some *living proofs* of neglect; but, with respect to the dispositions of the orphans, they think that a majority of them may, by proper care and attention, be reared up to virtue and usefulness; while there are not a few of those of the male sex who, though at present

* That portion of bone which indicates the organ of wit slopes off, and the talent is not evinced by this people. Ibid. p. 208.

manifesting no evil dispositions, the committee think must inevitably turn out scoundrels and pickpockets; and will be cropt, branded, or hung, in spite of any thing that may be done to save them. The society, determined to avail themselves of the novel and interesting developments afforded by the science of phrenology, propose compiling a new history of the world, to be digested under *different heads*; and will shortly publish a list of the names of those distinguished men whose career seems to

have had an influence upon the course of human events; and will offer a *reward for their heads* proportioned to the distance they may be brought and the difficulty in procuring them. As the history will be founded chiefly on documents drawn from those sacred repositories of truth—the cemeteries and catacombs of different countries, it is deemed proper that it should be written in some *dead language*; but whether Hebrew, Greek, or Latin, the society have not yet determined.

THE WAKE, AND THE IRISH HOWL!!!

By the 'Hermit in London.'

If the vulgarity of these terms shocks the refined Englishman (who is, alas! unfortunately, a perfect stranger to his brethren of the opposite shore), these gross epithets commence and exist with himself; prejudice hatched them, ignorance fostered them, and animosity perpetuated them. 'The wake!' what! awaken the dead? no; the vigil of piety, the last looks of tenderness, the unclosed eye of paternal, maternal, filial, conjugal, or fraternal love, the sleepless and disconsolate night, that night which sees earthly remains, for the last time, above ground, these are the materials which form 'the wake;' a family, prostrate and in tears, surround the coffin of the departed, relations and friends, neighbours and familiars, drop in to shed the dewdrop of pity, to speak the word of consolation and of hope, to testify respect to the defunct and to those survivors who bow down under the arm of the Most High, both as to his present dispensation, and to their entire submission to his future will; the night is spent in genuflections, mental prayer,* warm benedictions, anxious feeling, reminiscence of what the dead was, sympathy for the present feeling of those who are nearest and dearest to him or to her. These heart-rending sensibilities suit not the sublimated and most refined orders of society; it is the *fashion*, (as if death had any thing to do with such trifling), it is the fashion for the nearest relations, in high blood, to be absent from the scene of woe, to

send empty carriages to attend the walk of death, the last transporting of the body from home to the cold grave; and it is equally the fashion for relatives and *soi disant* friends to send colder and as empty condolences to the nearest of kin; but in poor Paddy's land the blood-relations of the humblest classes sigh and moan, weep and tear their hair, over the departed of their bosom, and rend the chords of their heart over the last dust which falls upon the future sojourner with the mud and the worm, with corruption and annihilation here below; the hour of departure arrives, the moment when the body of clay, late so active, so intelligent, so loving and beloved, is to quit the humble cottage, lowly cellar, or wretched hovel, where mediocrity of industrious earning, abject poverty, or unsuccessful struggle for existence, had confined him, or her, for half a century, or more; now the tide of doleful expression breaks forth, now the *howl* finds vent from lacerated bosoms, but is it the howling of the savage man or beast, or the untutored eloquence of sorrow? it is the plaint or complaint, as the wake is the vigil or watching of affection's last duty; it is the observance of an ancient ceremony, the death-song of the brave, the funeral honours of approving contemporaries, the last adieus of disinterested truth and unheard love.

Death is the tragedy, the survivors are the *dramatis personæ*, the subject is an eulogy on him or her, who can no more be an object of envy or of

* All those who are present join in a prayer for the repose of the soul of the departed, beads are counted, and rosaries are said; and I am bold to assert that the utmost piety and decorum exist.

admiration; such are the vigil and the plaint, or (as the unlearned call them) the *wake* and the *howl*; but we would ask these exquisites in criticism, what they would think of the benevolent heart and hand which poured the fervid orison over a departed brother until funeral rights had consigned him to the soil; nay even of the savage whose pious sentiment induced him to chase the insect tribe from the brow of the warrior not yet interred, and who kept sentry over him until the ceremonies of religion (be they what they may) were performed? We would also ask the unlettered critic (for unlettered he must be not to be better informed) why he should fix the ridicule of the wake and death-song, or *howl*, upon the Irish only? these ceremonies existed amongst the Jews, amongst the Greeks and Romans, and do actually exist amongst the Indians, and other nations and tribes; the war-song of the savage is alternately a complaint and a rejoicing, the former for the loss of departed nature and strength, the latter an exultation that the hero is gone to the land of the brave and happy; hence these beautiful lines of Campbell, in his chaste poem of Gertrude of Wyoming:

‘ He bids me dry the last, the first,
The only tear that ever burst
From Outalissi’s soul,
Because I may not stain with grief
The death-song of an Indian chief.

In the ages of Greek and Roman glory, funeral hymns, plaints, processions, nay even games, formed a part of the rites of interment; and in the polished and courtly days of Horace we hear of hired mourners to represent those whose friendship and alliance might have called to supply their place; and the same author informs us, that these mercenary mourners over-acted their parts by weeping and wailing more than those who had reason to be affected.* But when Christianity illumined the happy chosen part of the globe, the higher interests of a future state, the call for

mercy of offending nature, the trembling hope even of the just, gave a graver and a more mournful complexion to the vigil and death-hymn; and we may look back in sympathy and in mournful admiration to that era in Erin, when the harp and the pipe vibrated and swelled to notes of sweetest melancholy, when the body of the departed, adorned with flowers, lay prostrate betwixt relations, friends, mourners and singers, the bard and the historian, and when the *caoinean*, or lamentation, was poured forth with all the pomp and pathos, the energy and feeling, of a warlike yet tender-hearted people, and when the *Ulla-loo* (most vulgarly called the *Pillelew*) was re-echoed by the relatives and choir at the foot of the coffin, the commencement rising from those at the head.† In the lapse of time, the many inroads into the Emerald Isle, the declension of the general use of the Hibernian language in the higher circles, the loss of the bards, minstrels, and senachies, together with that of national independence as a government possessing its distinct laws, customs, and manners, the modernizing of the nobility and the degradation of the people, labouring (in days of yore *greatly* and now still in *some degree*) under restrictions, disqualifications, prejudices, and divisions, *political* (not *civil*) and religious, have done away with all the nobler parts of the wake and the *caoinean*, and only left the vocal part of the ceremony, entrusted, not as in olden times, to professed singers, but to untaught men, women, and children, excited by sensibility, whilst the *howl*, as it is miscalled, is constituted alternately of the *Ulla-loo*, and the eulogy of the dead; and why, we would in candour ask, is this extemporaneous panegyric more blameworthy or liable to be jested on, than funeral orations? But it will be said by some pert half scholar, ‘how absurd to make these lamentations in the form of *questions* put to the inanimate corpse?’ Not more absurd than

* ——— Saltet, tundet pede terram,
Ut qui conducti plorant in funere, dicunt
Et faciunt prope plura dolentibus exanimo.
Horat. de arte poetica.

† At the same era, after the interment, the family bards performed the counthal or elegy, seated on the sepulchre of the deceased, and for persons of distinction this ceremony was repeated at each anniversary; but, as Paddy says, the modern lamentation of the English is performed by *mutes*.

the beautiful lamentations in many dead languages, amongst which in Homer, *vide* Pope's translation of the Iliad :

'Why gav'st thou not to me thy dying hand?

'And why received not I thy last command?'

Here the dead is directly addressed, or the words would certainly be

'Why gave he not to me,' &c.

Having removed this difficulty, and explained what are the watch-keeping, or wake, the death-hymn, or lamentation, together with the eulogy, which forms a part of the ceremony, and which has now degenerated from verse to prose and from classical Irish into a ruder language, nay which often is repeated in broguish English, it only remains to describe the last, as witnessed by the writer of these lines, who is not a native of Ireland, although an unprejudiced admirer of the land of the Shamrock. The funeral orations and hymns of the ancients consisted, as we have already said, in an enumeration of the virtues and good qualities of the deceased, mingled with complainings, regrets, and soft remembrances, bitter accents, and moral reflections; such is the Irish lament, yeleft 'the howl,' of which the following is a correct translation; but I should first observe that, ere I listened to the plaint, I was ushered into a poor cellar adorned with numberless lights, contributed by pious and kind neighbours; and, after making a genuflection, in compliance with the custom of this country, *not* to the dead youth, nor to the wooden crucifix placed above him, but to the Invisible who paid ransom for our sins, and to the form and real portraiture of death, I was invited to partake of refreshment, and to join in the general grief.

THE LAMENT.

'Ulla-loo, ulla-loo, oh! why did you die, Terence the strong, the gentle and the brave, Terence the prop of a father's old age, and the light of a mother's eyes? Why left you the land of green grass, over which your fleet feet bounded like the mountain roe, where you excelled all our youth at wrestling and in the sports of the field, and where blushing maidens and applauding old men awarded you the prize? Oh! why did you die, the

October, 1826.

bosom friend and promised husband of the soft and loving Norah? Why left you your father's house without posterity, brother of seven sisters, pride of the village, and beauty of the barony? Oh! why did you die when the potatoe crop awaited you, and when a little potheen, *obtained with difficulty*, bloomed, like you, in promise to grace your nuptials and warm our neighbour's hearts? Oh! why did you leave your love to be a widow instead of a bride? was you not sufficiently cherished by your doting family, and all your wants supplied? Why did you therefore not wait to raise up grandchildren in your lowly roof, and to close your parent's eyes? Here tears checked the utterance of some of the performers, and I could only make out 'Ulla-loo, ulla-loo, oh! why did you die?' as the concluding accents. The coffin was now removed, the hopes of a family was carried shoulder high by four strapping school-fellows, their eyes distilling the dew of pity; an immense population followed the corpse, the aged and weary returned clapping their hands and beating their breasts, some were counting their beads, or occupied in mental prayer: on the road the procession was joined and increased in number, and thus escorted to the grave. Some of those who augmented the throng, and who came from other towns, travellers, labourers, or the like, would ask 'and who is the deceased?'—'Terence O'Sullivan.'—'Oh! oh!' and then begun again the 'ulla-loo' and 'Why did you die?' That there are singularities and irregularities in these proceedings I will allow, and that they sometimes end in funeral festivities, where sobriety does not preside, is to be regretted, but these have no natural connection with the wake and death-song, and are not peculiar to Ireland, but are common in the Highlands of Scotland and elsewhere. The wake and lamentation commence by

'Pious orgies, pious prayers,
Decent sorrow, decent tears,'

and end by the funeral service; in the first the accents of pity and condolence are strongly impressed, the last is according to the custom of the Catholic church, which is both awful and imposing. Whatever may follow is neither the vigil nor the caoinan.

AN ENGLISH REPORTER IN IRELAND.

'Here I am, the most humble of your reporters,' &c. &c.—Vide *Morning Herald*.

'AUGH! but you're welcome, *avourneen*, among the 'finest people in the wourld,'" said a voice overflowing with brogue, as I landed on the big pier of Howth, and, at the instant, I thought the speaker was none other than Daniel O'Connell himself; but sure, thought I, the 'counsellor' is a gentleman, anyway, and ought, out of his eight thousand a year, to wear a decent coat. Now the person before me was evidently clad in the superfluities of an Israelite's warehouse, kept in decent order by the assistance of a straw girdle, which supplied him at once with toothpicks and pipe readers; and therefore could not be the 'Catholic leader.' Still he was so eloquent in praise of the 'gem of the world,' that I ventured to ask who he was. 'Musha! tunder an ounce,' replied a shock-headed fellow, whose clothes seemed to have been kept together by magic or the prayers of Hohenloe, 'where the devil did you cum from not to know *Squarra** Green, the port surveyor; an ent I his officer, an will, if you plase, examine your *trunk*, *agra*.'—'I am not an elephant,' said I. 'Bethershin,' said he, 'may be you haven't some *run* goods that you want to *fly* away wid.'—'Arrah be azy, Mister Gore,' interposed a naked Jehu, who stood in the attitude of hope, with his whip 'right forenent'im' instead of an anchor, 'an let his honour step into my *noddy*; an a pretty clane carriage it as any in all Ireland.'—'Augh, musha,' replied the Revenue officer, 'take 'im wid you, an the divil *drive* yous both;' and, without consulting my inclination, Pat Mahony bundled myself an my portmanteau into his vehicle; then vociferated 'room for three!' with Stentorian lungs, and instantly I had for companions a Liverpool corn-dealer, who was going to Cunnemarra to purchase stockings; a Yorkshire horse-jockey, who visited the 'Emerald Isle,' to speculate in heifers; and a widow lady, who wanted a husband.

Now Howth is a mighty fine place,

and Lord Howth's 'castle' is a mighty fine building, only the walls happen to be mud, and the roof straw thatch, with a mighty fine dunghill entirely *afore* the door. To be sure I had no time to admire the beauties of the place; for Mr. Mahony was quickly in his seat, and with dint of cursing, damning, threatening, and whipping, we arrived in fourteen hours at the city of Clontarf, having been only overturned twice by pigs, and once by a dunghill. Clontarf is the summer residence of the Irish nobility, and consequently is the most magnificent looking place in the country. The lord lieutenant lodges at the sign of Brien Boromhe, and the said Brien must have been a second Guy of Warwick, for he is represented lopping off men's heads with as much unconcern as a poulterer manifests in preparing turtle for an alderman's dinner. To the left of Clontarf is a town called—and who but Irishmen could so call it—Green Lanes, but there seemed to have been an interdict placed on every thing green, for there was neither tree nor shrub—neither grass nor corn, within a mile of the place. The houses were all miserable wig-wams.

'Whip-o-hoo, you garron!' cried Mister Mahony, and the said garron groaned most musically; but, being a good *baste*, he persevered, and in due time we arrived at the bridge of Ballybough. This is indeed a magnificent piece of architecture, and was erected at the expense of the Dublin Corporation, the wealthier members of which mostly reside in the adjoining villa of Mud Island. They are all Protestants, and consequently there is an air of neatness and comfort about their habitations not to be met with where the bulk of the people are Catholics.

'There's Dublin afore yous,' said Pat Mahony, with an air of importance which every Irishman seems to feel when speaking of any thing appertaining to his country, 'an where

* Squire, I presume. Such little mistakes as this in catching vulgar phrases may be excused in a 'gentleman of the press,' who visited Ireland for the first time.—*Printer's Devil*.

would your honours wish to a-light? —‘Any where,’ said I, ‘if it be not in darkness.’—‘Troth then,’ said he, giving his *caubeen* a twist, and his *baste* a smack, ‘I’ll just set you down afore Mr. Bilton’s hot L, in Sackville Street, as good a public-house as any in all Dublin, though it’s kept by a namesake o’ my own.’ ‘Hurroo there,’ he continued, ‘you brats of gorsoons, why don’t yous keep the pigs from out the road, not to be oversettin travellers. Hup! hup! go on, you garron, an sweet bad luck to your mother’s foal.’ And at intervals Mr. Mahony indulged us with specimens of his acquirement in topography, pointing out successively the names of the streets as we passed. Summer Hill and Britain Street consist of miserable thatched cabins, garnished outside with troops of naked children. The sight of the Rotunda and the Lying-in Hospital convinced me that travellers have *lyed* confoundedly in describing them, for they are not a whit more stately, larger, or better-looking, than the almshouses in Green Street, Blackfriars’ Road. The Rutland gardens are placed in the rear of these buildings, and not being surrounded by paling, they were filled, when I saw them, with the bare-footed, bare-headed offspring of the ‘finest people in the world,’ who were busily improving their morals by playing at ‘pitch-and-toss.’

Sackville Street is a long dark narrow lane, through which runs a black muddy stream between two rows of stunted elm trees. The houses are covered with red tiles, and are in general two story high. Mr. Bilton’s hot L, at which Mr. Mahony set us down, is a low alehouse, over the door of which is written ‘funerals supplied here,’* and at each end of the board is a distant resemblance of pipes and tobacco, with a picture of an Irish wake, somewhat like that by George Cruikshank in the ‘Tales of Irish Life.’ This sign-board is to be seen either in the window or over the doors of every hotel in Ireland; for mine host, having pocketed his profit for starving you, adds that of the undertaker for burying you.

It being now four o’clock in the evening, we had to wait for admittance

until Mr. Bilton and his family returned from mass;† and sure enough, when Mr. Bilton, who is one of the ‘finest people in the world,’ returned, he was right glad to see us, and immediately threw open his door. In the hall stood two fellows, bailiffs like, who were busy speaking through the key hole to some person inside. Now this person was a Protestant lord, but as he could get none but Catholics for servants, he was obliged to keep the door between himself and his domestics lest they should murder him. This was a strange sight to an Englishman, but the ‘finest people in the world’ are used to it; and think nothing of a state of things which compels the Protestants to live in continual dread of having their throats cut. Archbishop Magee never rides out unless escorted by dragoons.

Mr. Bilton’s larder furnished nothing but fried bacon and eggs, and the cook who presented them was an exact prototype of one of the furies in Ogilvie’s Virgil. When needs must, &c. and so we fell to the only dish the ‘finest people in the world’ admire. Wine there was none, and whiskey I could not drink, so I begged to be shown to my chamber. ‘An is it a chamber you’d be afther wantin?’ said Betsey; ‘och then ’tis myself that’ll show you to a most beautiful one.’ Betsey’s beautiful one was a kind of a sty on an earthen floor, but in Dublin there is no choice; and so I sat down on a big stone which did the office of a chair, while Betsey was shaking the straw with a pitchfork. Having thrown a coarse sheet over the litter, and added a blanket or two of a peculiar colour much detested in Ireland, she retired, and I was about turning in, when, who should make her appearance, but Mrs. Bilton, an old woman in a scarlet mantle. ‘Augh then, sir, I’m so sorry I wasn’t at home when you come.’—‘What of that?’ said I. ‘Augh nothin in the wide wourld, ony I’m so sorry.’—‘Well, but I am going to bed, and don’t want you.’—‘Augh, sure I know *that*, but ’tisn’t that I mean, ony they shouldn’t have put you here.’—‘Why, is the apartment engaged?’—‘Augh no, ony you’ll have to pay three shillings if you

* Vide ‘Morning Herald’

† Vide ‘Morning Herald.’

sleep here, but out in the room fore-ne'nt you, you might have a most beautiful bed for two-and-sixpence, an there's ony two gintlemen sleepin in it.'

And sure enough I had to pay three shillings next morning for my *bed*, before I sallied out to take a peep at the 'finest people in the world.' On Carlisle bridge there was a regular row, the people being all drunk, and, as I did not like a broken head, I crossed Queen Bridge on my way to the head police-office, where, as in duty bound, I went professionally to look for humorous cases; but faith, as Paddy says, there was no humour there at all at all in the case. Three or four dozen murders were despatched by Major Surr while Sir Richard Birnie would be deciding on the guilt or innocence of a pickpocket. If the 'finest people in the world' do not get justice, they can't complain of being held up to ridicule in their police-reports, for I defy any man to make a 'good case,' to speak technically, at the Dublin police-office. While I was speaking with Mr. O'Farrell, the constable, a bevy of offenders were brought in, fighting, scolding, and swearing. They were Lord Norbury, Chief Justice Bushe, Mr. Plunket, Daniel O'Connell, Barons Burton and Smith, as well as several others. They were charged by half a dozen *charleys* with having created a riot the preceding night in Cumberland Lane, and with having *kilt* the said *charleys* for having attempted to preserve the peace. 'Oh,' thought I, 'these are certainly the "finest people in the world," when their learned judges and grave counsellors are shameless wenchers and nocturnal blackguards.'

On leaving the office arm in arm with my friend O'Farrell, the thief-taker, we saw one man deliberately shoot another, and no notice was taken of the transaction by the 'finest people in the world.' We next visited the beau-walks in Kevin Street and Mary's Lane, both convenient to each other, and frequented by the higher classes amongst the 'finest people in the world.' The *pave* was covered with idlers, but the gentlemen all wore *trahcens* or half-stockings with brogues, while the ladies went com-

pletely bare-footed. Here it created no surprise, the people are so used to it.

The 'limpid Liffey' turns out to be a stagnant pool, confined to a narrow channel by the monopoly of neighbouring dunghills; and altogether I was so disgusted with the pride, filth, and poverty of Dublin that I resolved to set out that night for Galway, where, if the newspapers lied not, the 'finest people in the world' were engaged in burning and killing each other for the honour and glory of Squarra* Martin.

An Irish mail coach is a very different affair from the same vehicle in England, but still it is a very convenient carriage in warm weather. There are no side blinds, and if there were you can't move them, and the bottom being a mere grating would be faultless, were it not that the dust of the road finds admission as well as the wind. The springs are sure to break every quarter of an hour, and as the horses are well qualified for the boiling-house, you travel like an Arab caravansary, leaving a succession of dead animals to point out your track. In addition to all this, the driver and guard will not pass a mass-house without alighting to say their prayers, and consequently three miles in four hours is considered rapid travelling among the 'finest people in the world.'

As we moved slowly along I wondered where were the 'green fields of Erin,' so often sung about and talked about; for the deuce a one could I see except the curragh of Kildare, in the county of Armagh, which was covered with *green* animalcule; for *curragh*, in their barbarous language, means *lake*; and, though the pestilential exhalations of this stinking pool fills the country with typhus, the 'finest people in the world' will not take the trouble to drain it, *bekase* the priests bid them not, as the place is considered, by the superstitious, hallowed ground, St. Patrick's purgatory, or smelting-house, according to Sir Harcourt Lees, being placed in the middle of it. Croagh Patrick, another place visited by Romish devotees, is a deep valley in the county of Meath, not far from Cashel. Oh!

* Vide 'Morning Herald.'

but they are the 'finest people in the world;' and the Catholic religion is the best religion, if you believe Daniel O'Connell, and the Catholic priests are pious men, if you credit Doctor Doyle. But the 'green fields,' where were they? On our direct road to Galway we passed through the counties of Wexford, Down, and Mayo, and a single tree or blade of glass never blessed my sight. It was all along either sand or bog, with the gloomy Galties on our right. In fact they know not, in Ireland, what kind of tradesmen those are which we denominate *green grocers*!

On the road we occasionally met droves of the 'finest peasantry in the world' on their way to the political market, *alias* the hustings. They were driven by dogs trained to the business, like those of our Smithfield drovers, but much larger and fiercer. It was curious to see the disciplined regularity manifested by the forty-shilling bipeds when kept in the right road by their canine escort: sometimes they were to be seen tied together like faggots, thrown in bundles across the backs of horses, and transmitted in that manner to vote for Squarra Somebody to represent the 'finest people in the world,' in the Imperial Parliament.

'Augh, Connaught for ever, my jewels!' exclaimed an old woman, as '*dthrun** as a lord,' as we entered Ballinasloe; as sure enough it was the fair-day, an many a cracked *shkull*† was there before night. And sure there was a great grand ball there in the evening; and sure I could not help going to see it. One glance, however, was enough; the ladies wore jack boots, and every woman under thirty had her cigar in her mouth. The place, to be sure, was doubtless insured, otherwise the straw and hay might have taken fire; for the ball-room was a barn devoid of a roof; 'but what harm in that?' said Dick Martin, 'sure we've all got *humberellahs*.‡'

Next morning I was aroused early

* *Vide* 'Morning Herald.' *Quere*. How is this to be pronounced?—*Printer's Devil*.

† *Quere*. Is it skull that is meant?—*Ibid*.

‡ Ha! the cockney *h*. Paddy would say *numberallas*.—*Ibid*.

§ This reminds me (*the printer's devil*) of some pertinent remarks made by Mr. George Ensor in one of his pamphlets, and which remarks are here subjoined for the instruction and amusement of the reader.

'It is equally entertaining,' says he, 'to read in the lucid and liberal lucubrations of the Quarterly Reviewers, of a certain savage people, "they were as-turbulent, and fero-

by O'Halloran, the coachman, and quickly took my seat. The coach was empty, and so I went outside. 'Any one but myself,' I inquired. 'Yes,' he answered, 'another *male passenger*.'—'Hallo!' I cried, you've run your whip in my *right eye*.'—'Thank God,' said he, 'that it wasn't the *wrong* one;' and off we went. This O'Halloran was a bit of a Norbury, and had a nod or a wink for every one he passed. 'How is it wid you?' said he to an old man. 'Troth bad enough, avich,' was the reply, 'for Squarra Martin won't get in at all at all.'—'Never fear,' said O'Halloran, 'the "boys" are burnin the others by housefuls, and the *kurnel* will be in again hard and fast.'—'Why, what's the matter?' said I, a little alarmed. 'Och! nothing at all,' replied coachee, '*ounley* a bit of a rebellion.'—'Rebellion! who commands in the District?'—'General Conster-nation,' said he; and faith he was right, for the 'finest people in the world' were drowning each other by shiploads, burning each other by housefuls, and shooting each other by thousands.'

'A fine corn country,' said O'Halloran, but where was the corn? I looked forty miles on each side, and all was blackness and barrenness, save a little woman in a *borean* with a red cloak on her back, and a pitcher in her hand. English civilization is unknown in Ireland. Barbarism still sticks to Dublin, and the people are as wild now in Connaught as they were in the time of Oliver Cromwell. We are constantly reproached by the 'finest people in the world' with extreme credulity, in believing that in some parts of Ireland men are clad in

————'Breeches blue,

With a hole behind for their tails to pass through.'

But such, a Catholic clergyman informed me, is really the fact. When a boy I saw myself, exhibited in Cow Lane, an Irishman, who was a kind of nondescript, half-bird, half-beast;§

and at the present day, Cunnemarra, a flat country, abounds in such miserable beings.

I dined at Loughrea, and had for companions Lord Con—somebody, his lady, and the honourable Miss Con—somebody. ‘*Weauther!*’ exclaimed his Irish lordship, ‘where’s the *dthrink?*’—‘Your sowl to the devil,’ said her ladyship, ‘this butther stinks most damnably.’—‘*Weauther,*’ cried the honourable miss, ‘will you fetch me more *potheen*, and sweet bad luck to you, you dthrunken son of a —.’ Och, these are the ‘finest people in the world, but a ‘weauther’ sure leads a miserable life, and some how or other, I’d rather be ‘a penny

a line man’ on the ‘Morning Herald’ than an attendant on lords and ladies at Loughrea. Och, that I could convert butther-milk into claret; for sure then I need not have drank water at dinner; and oh! that I had a receipt to make Paddy industrious, for then he might grow something green about his *cabin*, and not be spending his time begging from all who pass. By-the-by, I never saw an Irishman yet give a halfpenny to the poor. I made the mendicants of Loughrea, however, happy for once—I distributed fourpence amongst eight hundred! But hark! that’s O’Halloran’s horn, and we are now off for Galway, the guard singing all the way

Whack! Squarra Martin, for ever, my honey,
For he is the boy who pays debts widout money;
Ulla-loo! hulla loo! Whack!

He’ll drub Lambert, and Daly, and Clanrickarde too,
He’s the son of a Trojan, a genuine true blue;
Ulla-loo! hulla-loo! Whack! &c. &c.

Och, but they are the ‘finest people in the world,’ *ounly* Ireland ought to be written *Ire-land*, and Hibernia *I-burn-ye*. Och, musha, but they are the ‘finest people in the world.’ God mend them!

Perhaps the reader may think this is all ‘blarney,’ faith and its not—the *facts*—the *facts* are here, good Mr. Reader.

W.

cious, and brutal as the wild Irish are now.” Did those excellent critics assist in composing the Encyclopædia, edited by Willich, which, speaking of towns that print newspapers, states, “Leinster prints one”—or that later Cyclopædia, edited by Millard, which informs the reader, “Irish herrings are next in value to those of Holland and Dublin.” Why do not the Quarterly Reviewers import some wild Irishman of true Milesian ferocity? what a passing wonder would he be at the Prince Regent’s fete, having been shown at the gala, and inspected by lords in waiting, and waiting women, he might then be introduced to the curiosity of all the petitioning deans and chapters, and having made a tour under the keeping of the Vice-chamberlain and Lord Kenyon, to all the Orange Lodges of England and Wales, he might be burned beside the effigy of the Pope; a pastime of right venerable usage in England, and very edifying to all loyal Protestants. If there be ferocious Irishmen, who made them so? It requires no monstrous parentage, no enchanted island, to produce a Caliban, under such infernal spirits as ministered to Prospero.

‘Indeed one would imagine that a sort of waywardness adhered to Irishmen in their civilized state, for one of the Edinburgh Reviewers, men who top the scale, of which the Quarterly Reviewer forms the base, in speaking of some incongruities in Hardy’s Life of Lord Charlemont, says, “to our colder temperaments a good deal of this appears strained and unnatural, but to an Irishman, it is very probably natural enough. Yet this cold temperament was once so warm, that it was found necessary to correct its excess. Poor Ireland, sneered at by her friends, I had almost said the Irish deserve it, they feel little for the honour or interests of their countrymen.

‘While on this topic, I beg leave to relate an anecdote, perhaps not irrelevant, from the life of Skelton, p. 95. That true priest of religion, for his charity was boundless, and his attention to his flock heartfelt and indefatigable, happened to be in London, when a wild Irishman was exhibited daily to many wondering spectators. He had a false beard, and artificial wings. This anomaly, half beast and half bird, was secured by a heavy chain. Skelton went to see him, he soon perceived that he was a farmer’s son, who lived near his father’s residence in the North of Ireland. Skelton took an opportunity, when alone with him, to question him; the wild man freely confessed that being in want of money, he had adopted this method of gulling the English, which, he added, had succeeded beyond his expectations.’

GREECE.

WE lately observed—for we have been in the habit of saying good things—that ‘the majority of nations are enslaved, not because they wanted patriotism, but because they had no liberator;’ and in instancing America we should not have forgotten Greece.

The world, whatever philosophers, and naturalists, and economists, may say to the contrary, is a perfect riddle—a far greater puzzle to our manhood than the reel in the bottle was to our boyhood. We take up history and lay it down—we trace effects to their causes; balance motives and actions; weave a complete theory; reflect for a moment; and, like Penelope’s web, the work has to be recommenced. We lose the thread of our inquiry, and—much against our vanity—our inclination—doggedly confess that there are not only between us and Heaven, but around us, more things than we have ever dreamt of in all our philosophy. Goths and Vandals flit before us, substantial inhabitants of history, but yet undefined, veiled, and obscure. Such men existed we know, but why or wherefore? we inquire, and no one returns a satisfactory reply. If we open the page where intellect, like the lights in ancient sepulchres, sheds its brilliancy upon the dead—and make the Greeks and Romans live, as it were, over again for our wonder—our reproach, what are we wiser—so far as the revolutions of nations are concerned? We learn that the arts of civilization enabled the former inhabitants of Italy to conquer the world; to enrich themselves with its spoils; and to leave to posterity imperishable, unequivocal testimonials of their greatness and attainments. But another leaf is turned, and lo! ‘clouds and darkness rest upon them.’ The excess, as it were, of arts and sciences occasions their downfall: ignorance triumphs over knowledge; discipline, and numbers, and resources, yield to mere brutal ferocity; the barbarians they had despised become their masters! Are cause and effect here proportioned to each other? Or is there not something passing comprehension in the mere historical fact? Can the United States of America be over-

run by the red men of the woods?

Greece and her fate are more extraordinary still; Rome was her pupil, but who taught Greece? We hear of Egyptians and Chaldeans, but all we know is, that she stood alone, a sweet smelling flower, in the midst of a world of most noxious plants—a clear, surpassing light, when all around was savage darkness. Like the American divinity she vanished, but left behind her the intellectual plants to which Europe is indebted for civilization and knowledge. We drink at her literary fountains before we are hardly allowed to taste of our own; we do all but converse *à la voce* with her patriots, her philosophers, her poets; while their acts, their writings, and their songs, are regarded by us, from thoughtless boyhood to hoary age, as unapproachable models of excellence—as things to be studied and admired, but never to be equalled. We are not slow to acknowledge all this, we boast of our obligations to the great men of Greece, and glow with enthusiasm at the recollection of their talents and achievements; but in more substantial proofs of gratitude we have been very niggards.

When the haughty sons of the crescent were compelled to abandon the idea of purifying Europe by the sacrifice of Christian blood, they were permitted to plant the banner of the Prophet in the classic soil of Greece—the Holy Alliance of that day forbade it not. The exterminating and sanguinary—sanguinary from principle and fanaticism—Mahometan was allowed, not only to pollute the temples and fields of Attica, but to retain in horrible bondage the hereditary descendants of Leonidas and Themistocles.

For four hundred years the children of those who once ‘kept the world in awe,’ were treated with a ferocious barbarity, scarcely equalled by that inflicted on Ireland by a Turk-like ascendancy. ‘Apostatize or be wretched’ was their only alternative; they preferred, with few exceptions, the latter; and, though all nature withered beneath the pestilential breath of Ottoman domination, the Greek remained a man—he hated

with a deadly hate his oppressors; and though brutalized and degraded, the love of independence and the hope of liberty were kept alive among them. Their ancestry was not forgotten; they retained their names, their sports, and prided themselves, amidst all their misfortunes, on being the descendants of those whom the civilized world worshipped. To that world, however, they owed but little gratitude. Each successive traveller despised—insulted them. They were misrepresented, belied, and held up to undeserved scorn, 'Whilst the monuments, the history, and the antiquities of Greece,' says a recent publication,* have been inquired into, visited, and discussed, the character and actual situation of the people are little comparatively known. Travellers, learned and intelligent, of all nations, and particularly from our own, have been for many years in the habit of visiting and even of sojourning on its shores. They went naturally warmed with the enthusiasm, and kindled by the early associations which, in the coldest breast of apathy, it can so easily and spontaneously revive. But, unluckily, those travellers found themselves very frequently so occupied with the actions and memory of the dead, they reflected but little on the situation and interests of the living, who, they took for granted, as they probably heard them described to be, with little difference, were a mean, an abject, and a despicable herd, unworthy of consideration or regard; and in any spare moment, stolen for observation from some favourite pursuit, the result would oftentimes unfortunately seem to authorise the ideas which were previously assumed, and determine that the Greeks were but truly depicted as liars and as rogues, endeavouring by subterfuge and trick to impose upon the careless and the unwary, whom accident had placed for a moment in the reach of extortion or deceit.

'Some rapid notice of imposition in a landlord, or of knavery in a guide, have contributed a thoughtless and unbecoming weight, in judging at large upon a people composed, as I shall endeavour to establish, of elements

* Greece at the close of 1825.

materially differing in themselves, and varying according to the relative position which they stood on with regard to the government of the Turk.'

At length the chain held by the Ottoman snapped, and in 1821, the modern Greeks demonstrated to astonished Europe, that they had not entirely degenerated—that they were not altogether unworthy of their ancestors. Their effort was partially successful, and on the first of January, 1821, they declared their country independent. Innumerable obstacles, however, were still opposed to their complete emancipation, 'The spring of 1822,' says Colonel Leake,† 'was the crisis of Grecian liberty, and its cause appeared to many persons little better than desperate. On one side was a power larger in extent of territory than any in Europe; which had maintained its station, for near four centuries, in one of the most commanding positions in the world; whose integrity was admitted by all the other great powers to be essential to the general peace; ready, by the nature of its government, to enter upon war at a short notice, and furnished with all the fiscal, military, and naval establishments of a monarchy of long standing. On the other, were the inhabitants of a small province of this extensive empire, without any central authority, without cavalry, artillery, magazines, hospitals, or military chest; whose whole military force, in short, consisted only of a rude undisciplined infantry, armed with an awkward long musket, to which was added, according to the circumstances of the individual, pistols, a dagger, or a sword, ignorant of the use of the bayonet, acknowledging no discipline, and more uninstructed in war as an art than the Greeks of the heroic ages, led, indeed, by men possessing courage and enterprise, and some of the essential qualifications of command, but who were scarcely less ignorant and unenlightened than their soldiers, and too selfish to lose any opportunity of enriching themselves, or to preserve that harmony with the other leading men, which was so necessary in the dangerous position of the country.'

Before we make any further remarks
† Outline of the Greek Revolution.

mark on the progress of the revolution, we shall endeavour to give, from the best authorities, a faithful picture of the different classes which compose the Greek population.

Colonel Stanhope observes, that the Ottoman blight had but little effect on the peasantry, and Colonel Leake confirms this opinion. 'In every part of Greece,' says he, 'the peasant's family derives some resource from the spinning of cotton and wool, and from the weaving of the coarse stuffs which serve for the greater part of their dress and furniture; and though his condition upon the whole is miserable, he is in general industrious, much attached to his family, anxious for the education of his children, and equal, if not superior, in intelligence to the peasantry of the most civilized countries of Europe.'

'The most remarkable contrast to the inhabitants of the plains of Greece, is to be found in those islands of the *Ægean* sea where there are no Turkish inhabitants, and in the mountainous parts of Crete, of Laconia, Arcadia, *Ætolia*, Locris, Epirus, Thessaly, and Macedonia. Here the Greeks bear the most striking resemblance, both in their virtues and defects, to their illustrious ancestors, as we find them depicted in ancient history—industrious, hardy, enterprising, heroic, ardently attached to their homes and native country, living upon little, or lovers of wine and gaiety as the occasion prompts; sanguine, quick, ingenious, imitative, but vain, inconstant, envious, treacherous and turbulent. In some of the more mountainous parts of Greece, villages, and even whole districts, were left to their own management, or rather to that of acknowledged primates, who were responsible for the payment of the ordinary contributions, and who generally farmed those taxes from the Turkish government. In some parts of the mountains, not even the *kharadj*, or capitation, was regularly paid. In all these places, the principal heads of families had some share in the government, and the executive power was generally in the hands of those who had the greatest riches or most extensive connexions. As usually occurs in this form of society,

the neighbouring villages, or the leading families in a village, were often engaged in quarrels, which had the important effect of inuring them to the use of arms.'

'The Greeks,' says another author,* 'who are residing in the Ottoman dominions, on this side of the Hellespont, are separated into three classes, differing widely from each other in almost every regard: the first or the most numerous, is that which, being immediately in contact with the despot, and striving for existence under daily observation, was in consequence especially the object of cruelty and wrong. From these, in the day of trial, the least may be expected; they still quail at the appearance of their lord; the force of habit they have not yet learnt to put away, and they hesitate with the sword to meet the eye of him whose weapon towards them has ever been the scourge. To this feeling may certainly be placed, a proportion of the deficiency in union and action observable in certain places, though liberated at an early stage of the revolution from the presence of the foe; and a similar feeling may retard, in remoter districts, the declaration of hostility, where a smothered spirit of insurrection is awaiting an occasion to break forth.'

'Another cause which impedes the revolution from extending more rapidly in the land, is a natural solicitude for the safety of their families. Under the circumstances of the times, the females are considered by the Turks as a principal security for the conduct of the males. In the neighbourhood of the coast, they fly with more facility to the islands, or conceal themselves, at least, amongst caverns and rocks upon the shore. In mountainous regions, with their cattle, they seek for an asylum in the darkness of the forest; they are guarded in the caves, or among precipices of difficult approach, by a number of their friends; but in the extensive plains and interior of the country, this cannot so easily be done. With the islands or the coast, their communication is very limited, and their knowledge is but small; supplying the wants of a family divided in this manner is difficult to the rich, and abso-

* Greece to the close of 1825.

lutely impossible to the poor; besides, under almost any circumstances, they are disinclined to part from, and leave their relatives at a distance, in the power of strangers, and uncertain of their fate. It would be in every country an impediment to action, but in the East, where females are secluded and shut up, it may be easily imagined how strong is the aversion to violating a custom which is intimately interwoven with the habits and prejudices of the land. They have had frequent examples too of the exterminating vengeance with which any premature rising has been visited by the Turks: the blame, in my opinion, is far from being entirely with them. Where partial insurrection has hitherto appeared, no prospect was ever given of permanent support, no regular force was seen advancing to cover a portion of the country, to lend the peasantry a prospect of protection, along with an opportunity of earnestly entering with confidence and spirit in the cause.

‘The picture of this order of inhabitants is a distressing, but equally a true one; it establishes nothing but our weakness, and how incumbent it is in free men to guard and to appreciate the possessions they enjoy: it is no failing peculiar to the Greeks. Were it possible that Englishmen should remain subject for centuries to the sway of a despot, whose passions were his laws, high-minded, liberal and daring as they are, they would dwindle to the despicable condition of a race, which some man, in his humanity, has said to be unworthy of consideration or regard.

‘In the second class I reckon the inhabitants of the islands, and those other societies or bands upon the main land, who, like the Mainotes, by tributary payment, admitted merely the power of the Sultan, without any further interference from his government, or lending obedience to his will;—who acknowledged the authority of their own chieftains, their customs, and their laws. By these men much has already been accomplished, and with them, if properly directed, there is scarcely any thing that may not be achieved.

‘In some of the islands the Turks, from custom and precaution, are in

the habit of maintaining both fortresses and troops; in others they do not; but in all, being isolated, and oftentimes prevented from receiving aid for considerable intervals, they were consequently compelled to relax, and the rod of power was wielded there with comparative mildness and ease. This, united to the independence and the enterprise so inseparably connected with seafaring pursuits, have promised to their country, from the islanders, the most flattering success.

‘It would be useless to enter into, and endless to recount, the almost romantic and chivalrous exploits of these men: let it suffice to observe, that with a fleet of merchant ships, equipped and armed as circumstances would permit, abandoning their customary livelihood, unpaid, and frequently depending on Providence for provisioning their crews, they have in this manner, from the first of the revolution, harassed and kept in check the maritime power of the Porte. In some instances, against all odds, they have fairly beaten her outright; in others, with vessels from fifty to three hundred tons burthen, they have blown up, or otherwise destroyed, both line of battle ships and frigates completely appointed for active service, and full of armed men. They have often forced the enemy to abandon his blockades; they have prevented or retarded the supplying of his fortresses, in the greatest state of need; and nothing but the want of greater ships, and heavier guns, have hindered them from overcoming altogether the naval forces of the Turk, or confining them, which would be equally as useful, to the limits of their ports.

‘From men moulded in this fashion, the country has every thing to hope; with the government it rests only to regulate their energies, to turn them fully and fairly on the enemy in the field. The freedom of Greece, if they are properly directed, may be retarded for a short time, but it cannot be possibly subdued.

‘The last and remaining class of Christians are the tribes or clans who fled, at the close of the fifteenth, or beginning of the sixteenth century, to the mountains, taking up their

abode in fastnesses or uncultivated tracts among the snows, accessible only to persons as resolute and determined as themselves, in preference to yielding an involuntary submission to the desolating progress of the foe. During four centuries these hardy refugees may be said to have lived without respite under arms, unceasingly occupied with plunder and revenge. Their depredations and excursions were sometimes openly conducted against the despots who lay round them, but more frequently in darkness, by stealth, and by surprise. They dwell in various regions, generally remote from each other, and the distance being added to by the difficulty of the ground, together with an aversion, under any circumstances, to act in concert, prevented intercourse or communication of any sort between the clans; so much so, that they lived in perfect ignorance of each other, as if they were divided, not by mountains but by seas.

'They are not at all accustomed to protracted engagements at a distance from the places where their families reside. So long as the combat is carried on adjacent to their homes, no enterprise can offer that they will not readily embrace. It will, therefore, when found necessary to unite their operations to the movements of an army, require in the management both knowledge and address.

'Of these warriors the character is such as their habits would imply—savage, crafty, hospitable, and bold: their passions, unbridled and ferocious, inflame at the semblance of opposition or restraint. Habituated from infancy to violence and rapine, they cannot be expected to cherish for the rights or the property of others any over-scrupulous sentiments of consideration or regard; but security and protection are obtained by asking for them openly, and, considered so, are demanded less as a favour than a right. In their territories the stranger is certain of reception, nor will he ever repent an invitation to their home. It is melancholy to think, that the services of warriors so formed, whose element is peculiarly in privation and in strife, should be squandered in desultory marauding expeditions, instead of aiding to repossess the fortresses

of the enemy, and drive him by force of arms to a distance from the field; but, until a disciplined body is co-operating in front, their successes will be precarious, and their efforts misapplied.

'Under circumstances worthy of admiration, they preserved their freedom and hostility against the Turk. Whilst the ascendancy of Ottoman dominion was dreaded and was felt by the haughtiest sovereigns of Europe; whilst they condescended, for this purpose, as a political measure of necessity, to the despicable expedient of supporting a private society of knights; whilst the armies of Venice in her greatness were beaten in the lowlands at her feet; the mountainous passes of the country remained in possession of her sons, nor have all the efforts of the Porte, at any subsequent period of its rule, been sufficient to subjugate these clans, though every experiment of corruption and of war has been practised to sweep them completely from the earth.'

Some injudicious friends of the cause at first represented their numbers as amounting to seven or eight millions. 'Of the exact amount of the population,' says Mr. Emerson, the most candid and intelligent of all those who have written on Greece, 'no accurate statement has ever, I believe, been made. It has been estimated at different times, from 2,000,000 to 3,000,000; but whether this be correct, or whether it do not include the supposed Greek population in the Crimea, Palestine, Russia, and other parts of Europe, I cannot tell. Of the national character, so much has already been written, that little remains to be told. The general impression is undoubtedly bad, and seems to be countenanced by the circumstance of their most violent detractors being those who have been longest in close connexion with them in Greece, the Ionian republic, and Smyrna. For my part, I speak as I found them; during my residence amongst them, I never met with an insult nor an injury from a Greek. I have travelled unmolested, through the wildest parts of their country, without a guard; and with a quantity of luggage, which in Southern Italy, or even in more civilized states, could

hardly have escaped pillage. I have never asked a favour of a Greek that has not been obligingly granted: in numerous instances, I have met with extreme civility, kindness and hospitality. Others, it is true, may have been less fortunate; but when they state the Greeks to be constitutionally unmindful of kindnesses, I ask for what have they been taught to be grateful? If they are eager for gain, it is a necessary attendant on poverty; if they are cunning, their duplicity must be the offspring of a long slavery, under which every pretext was necessary for the protection of their property from the ravages of their despots; if they are depraved and savage, it is the effect of a barbarous education; if cruel and ferocious in their warfare, it is only against their enemies and tyrants, and merely the natural yearnings of the heart after vengeance, for a series of crimes, injuries, and oppressions. Let us only calmly contemplate for a moment, the long course of slavery from which they are just emerging; where, under the most galling despotism, their lives and properties seemed but held in tenure from their tyrants, before whose nod every virtue was made to bend; and where their families and children seemed merely born as subjects for the lust of their barbarous masters. Let us compare all that has been urged to the disadvantage of the miserable Greeks, with the causes that have produced their degradation; and the result must be, not hatred and abuse, but pity, mingled with astonishment that they are not a thousandfold more perverted than we find them. Far, however, from coinciding with this sweeping condemnation of the race *en masse*, I will maintain, that on an examination of the traits of character peculiar to each district, we shall find the seeds of numerous virtues, however slightly developed, still discernible under a mass of vices; and which, when properly cultivated, under an equitable Government, cannot fail to raise the Greeks high in the scale of nations.

‘In the dress, manners, and conversation of the Greeks,’ continues Mr. Emerson, ‘perhaps the strongest feature is ostentation and a pride of their descent. Lord Byron instances

the boatman at Salamis, who spoke of ‘our fleet being anchored in the gulf,’ in pointing out the scene of the Persian overthrow. I have frequently been reminded by Mainotes and Messenians, that they were the children of Leonidas and Nestor; and the sister of a schoolmaster at Hydra, who had lost her husband in the present war, in speaking of his birth-place being in Macedonia, could not refrain from mentioning that she was a countrywoman of Alexander. The appearance of the male portion of the population is interesting and striking, but varies in the different districts. The Roumeliots are tall, athletic, and well-formed, with rather a Roman cast of countenance; the Moreots, low, clumsy, and ill-proportioned; the Hydriots in general inherit the characteristic of their forefathers; and the Islanders are always smart, active, and lightly formed: all have sparkling eyes, remarkably white teeth, and jetty black and curling hair. In the Islands their dress is in general either the Frank or Hydriot; and on the continent it is always, with little variation, the Albanian. A red cloth scalpæ, or skull-cap, ornamented with a blue tassel, and sometimes girt with a turban, forms their head-dress, from under which their long hair falls over their neck and shoulders; a vest and jacket of cloth or velvet, richly embroidered, and cut so as to leave the neck bare; a white kilt, or juctanella, reaching to the knee, beneath which they wear a pair of cotton trowsers, of the same fashion and materials as the jacket; shoes of red leather, and a belt containing a pair of superbly embossed pistols, and an ataghan (a crooked weapon, serving at once for a sabre and dagger) completes the costume: over this they throw the white, shaggy capote of the Albanians, which likewise serves them for a bed during the night. The strictness of the Turkish law forbade the Greeks to wear gold or gaudy colours in their dress: and this long fast from finery must needs account for the extraordinary richness of their present costume; on which the lacing and ornaments, in many instances, like Peter’s coat, concealed the colour of the

cloth. A dress of the first quality, without the arms, cannot cost less than 2,500 piastres; and with all its costly appurtenances, frequently double that sum. The expence to which they go in the purchasing of pistols and ataghans, is at once ridiculous and hurtful; the sight of a richly-dressed Greek being necessarily a strong stimulus to the courage of an impoverished Musulman. All this profusion, too, is practised whilst the Greeks are exclaiming against their poverty, and complaining that they have not means to prosecute the war; and yet the worst armed soldier must pay, at least, two or three hundred piastres for his outfit; and the more extravagant, at least as many thousands,—not for the excellence of the pistol, but the richness of its handle. The names of the Greeks are various, according to the taste or superstition of their parents; the greater part bear those of their most distinguished ancestors: Epaminondas, Leonidas, Themistocles, Pelopidas, Achilles, and one member of the legislative body is called Lycurgus. Those which are peculiarly modern Greek, are retained most commonly, as Constantine, Spiridion, Anastatius, Demetrius, Anagnosti, &c. The names of the most popular saints have been conferred upon many; and by a curious coincidence, I had two Moreots in my service at Napoli di Romania, called Christo and Salvatore.

From all this it is quite apparent that the materials for liberating Greece exist within herself. A martial population, inured to hardships, habituated to all kinds of privations, devoted to their country, so far as they comprehend her interests, and opposed to a feeble enemy, whom they have every human motive to hate—to extirpate; inhabiting a country the most genial and fruitful, and at the same time peculiarly favourable to the assertion of national independence; for it is intersected, divided and subdivided by innumerable mountains, where guerilla troops, such as the Greeks really are, can always find impregnable fortresses and secure asylums.

Unfortunately, however, the geo-

graphical face of the country, which enabled them hitherto to retain a comparative portion of freedom, even during the Ottoman yoke, gave rise to a race of intolerant chieftains, while it generated within themselves a subserviency—a devotion to the interest of individuals, which now stands strongly opposed to the success of the common cause. A clanship, such as formerly prevailed in the Highlands of Scotland, exists in some measure in Greece, and hence the internal divisions among the leaders—the pride, avarice, and selfishness of chieftains; the want of discipline and unity; and, consequently, the recent successes of the atrocious enemy.

The generous sympathy of their fellow-Christians too, instead of proving beneficial, has hitherto had an opposite effect. The embezzlement and waste of the loans raised for Greece were not the worst consequences which directly flowed from European interference. The hopes of sharing in the thousands to be transmitted, converted the hardy patriot into a mercenary soldier; and, instead of depending on 'thaws and sinews,' the Greeks were fallaciously taught to place all their dependence on money. They learned to idolize gold, and forget their country.

Different materials are to be operated upon by very different instruments. The thing which would be fitting and proper to adopt in states perfectly civilized, would be altogether preposterous among a people half barbarous; yet men, and soldiers too, friendly to the cause, have been found to perplex the ignorant Greeks with observations upon the merits of Jeremy Bentham's embryo constitutions, and serious discussions have been held respecting the government best suited to the wants of the Morea! Catch the animal, if you please, before you dispose of the skin—secure independence before you talk about education, and newspapers, and monarchies, and republics. There will be a time for determining on all these; but first chase the enemy from your fields—the sword and not the primer is now required—give the tyrants lead and not arguments.

One man, and only one man, was wanted in Greece—a Napoleon—a mi-

litary despot. Some one whose talents would command respect; while his decisions would strike with awe; some one who would absorb in his own person all the veneration and fear which are now divided amongst a set of unprincipled chiefs. Such a man could not fail to secure the one thing needful—a mutual co-operation among the forces of Greece. Poor Byron was not the man; he had too much of the milk of human kindness about him; he was not ruffian enough. Besides, he was unacquainted with the military art; he could not kill: his talents would be out of their proper element among hordes of mountaineers! and we question if he would—had he lived—have accomplished any thing useful to Greece or beneficial to his own fame.

There is only one man in Europe qualified for the task—and that man has, happily, undertaken it—we allude to Lord Cochrane. Disappointments have, and may occur, but ship his Lordship once on the waters of the Mediterranean, and there will soon be but a beggarly account of an Egyptian or Ottoman navy. Whatever skill, intrepidity, and sinew, can do, Cochrane is sure to accomplish. Had Greece solicited Heaven she could have obtained but such a man.

We shall in all probability return to this subject. It is instructive and interesting in more senses than one; for it is curious to inquire why Christian states, against all sympathy, all liking, stand inactive, or aid the wrongful side, while their common enemy is revelling in Christian blood.

SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF A BIBLE-READER.

Written by Himself.

CHAPTER IV.

A CELEBRATED French author has observed that most men are pleased at the misfortunes of their fellow-men; and the fact does little credit to human nature. The neglect of summer friends on the approach of winter is proverbial; and consequently, their want of gratitude is less painfully felt because it is anticipated. For my part, so sure was I of meeting chilly looks, on my leaving Mount M——, that I took good care not to put my 'morning worshippers' to the test; I did not seek their sympathy; I knew I should not secure their friendship. Your pity—your condolence is a great destroyer of fortitude. The man who is certain of sympathy will seldom bear his misfortunes like a man—will seldom fail to aggravate every little reverse; will seek consolation from others rather than look his misfortunes straight in the face. This is a truth but little attended to—Irishmen, for want of knowing it, are, in a political sense, the most miserable people on the globe.

For my part, I sought not the tears or sighs of any one—I saw, at one glance, the extent of my loss, and in looking forward all was vacancy; there was nothing on which the eye could rest—nothing by way of beacon

to guide or to encourage me. 'The world was an oyster' which I was to open as I could; and perhaps I regarded the task as less laborious, in consequence of not knowing with what kind of tools I was to operate. The metropolis is always, 'the needy vagrant's general home' and hither I resolved to proceed, but before leaving Mount M——, I determined to disabuse my kind benefactor of the false impressions my conduct was calculated to give rise to. I wrote a letter for this purpose—dispatched it as I was on the point of departing, being resolved, should he—a very unlikely thing—make an offer of reconciliation, not to accept of any terms that would compromise my independence, or leave me otherwise than the fabricator of my own fortune.

There was no occasion for any such apprehensions, Mr. M—— did not credit my solemn protest, and most of the neighbours persisted in the same opinion. They ridiculed the assurance of the upstart—of the *parish-ecen*, as they called me, for presuming to aspire to the affections of my benefactor's daughter, and though all laughed, not one attempted to palliate what they considered an offence. Yes, there was *one*—my mother, On hearing of the occurrence

she came to the house where I stopped. Her presence affected me; for I had not seen either of my parents for some time. Old associations were revived; and in spite of all my fortitude, a tear stood in my eye. Even, at the moment, I wished I had never known other than my father's destiny.

'Well, Jesper,' said she, 'what keeps you here?—hadn't your father a house where you could get a night's lodgin?'

'I didn't like to trouble you.'

'Trouble! Och! Jesper, we had more trouble nor that wid you afore now.'

'True, mother, and I've but ill requited you.'

'Don't say that, child. To be sure you hav'n't done what you should do, concernin your poor soul, but no matther for that; Pether denied Christ, an was forgiven, an so will you, plase God. But, Jesper, we are now snug and sasty, an wasn't it you made us so? Troth it was, asthore, an dont think but that there is a bit an a sup for you, while you live. Square M—— on your account has given us a lease of twenty-one years, on three lives, an agin that's out God knows what king reigns, an so don't hould down your head afore the best ov'em. If you kissed the young lady aself, God bless her, what harm in that—'

'I did so through no improper motive, mother.'

'Och, no, why should you, child, but troth, I don't blame you for lookin up, an why shouldn't you? But what are you goin to do wid yourself now, Jesper?'

'I can't say, until I go to Dublin.'

'Well, may be not, but you ar'nt goin to turn minister any how, as Jem Gallagher ses?'

'It is impossible to say.'

'Jesper, jewel, don't be a fool, an lose your sowl. You know there is no true religion but the ould Roman Catholic.'

'I think differently.'

'Och, musha, them curse o' God bukes you've been readin have turned your brain, an broken your modher's heart. What signifies riches an larnin, if you lose your sowl for ever.'

'There can be little apprehension of that.'

'Take care, Jesper, take care, I'm not able to argufy wid you; for you've a peg to fit every hole, but if you'd come an talk it over wid the priest.'

'Some other time mother; I set out immediately for Dublin.'

'Well, God speed you, asthore, I'll pray for your welfare, and your conversion any how; an as your pocket may not be very full, I've brought fifty yallow guineas for you. Your father ses, if you'd become a docther or a lawyer, like Johnny Farrell's son, that he'll work hard to pay for your larnin.'

I could not stand this unmoved, I wept—but refused to avail myself of so much goodness, I positively declined accepting a single farthing of the money, and forthwith set out for Dublin. I had not been three days in the metropolis before I became more sensibly alive to the forlornness of my situation. To resume my studies was impossible. The means necessary to meet the expences of a college life were wanting, and after many abortive schemes, I at last settled down as usher in the school of Mr. F——, who then resided in Stafford Street.

There is more of *habit* in religion than divines are willing to admit. Custom makes the whole of the discipline and a great deal of the ceremonies pleasing. Mr. F—— was a starch, prim, methodist. His cravat was dexterously twisted around his neck, unconscious of a wrinkle, lest a 'temptation' might lurk in a fold of muslin, or an angel of darkness hide himself in a ruffle. His dress was of the true cut of sanctity, like certain honorable heraldic figures, sable throughout. His countenance was none of the best, but it had the mould of evangelism, it looked devotional. It must be unnecessary to add, that his conversation savoured strongly of exterior indications.

Of these things at the time I took little notice, I disliked them—but I wanted the situation. Poverty is the devourer of independence—it is the upas under which liberty perishes; I voluntarily, as it were, surrendered every wish of my own, and sedulously recommended myself to my employer by anticipating his commands as far as it was possible. Under the garment and show of religion lay much

worldly-mindedness; self was the pivot on which all his motives turned, the centre round which all his actions moved. He saw that I was zealous, and wished to keep me so; he mistook intentional deference for admiration, and as piety was the only remarkable feature in his character, he attributed the respect I showed him to my veneration of his superior sanctity. He was mistaken, but he obtained his ends nevertheless. He talked to me on religious subjects, read the Bible with me, and recommended me to peruse some religious publications. This being the constant practice of the family, I adopted it at first for mere form sake, but subsequently from inclination. I read on until I became an enthusiast—a Methodist. The world soon appeared to

my distempered vision a wilderness of iniquity, where Satan had all the worshippers, and Christ but few followers. The 'elect' were to be seen only in the tabernacles of John Wesley; and though I formed one of these 'few,' I wept for the fallen state of man, and sometimes indulged in beatic visions of regeneration.

To complete my enthusiasm Mr. F—— converted the school-room on Sunday into a 'house of prayer,' and 'held forth' himself. On the Thursday evening it was abandoned to me—I preached, and was accounted a 'sound divine,' but as there is mechanism even in Methodism, I quickly assumed the dress of the craft, I was habited in black, and with humility—I believe it was pride—merged my shirt-collar in the 'starched cravat.'

CHAPTER V.

Circumstances have brought me frequently in contact with religious people of very different denominations, but I never knew one ostentatiously pious, who did not possess many bad qualities. The majority of them are not, I am willing to think, by any means hypocrites—they do not always intentionally make a cloak of religion, or affect the semblance without desiring to possess the substance, but it proceeds, I imagine, from a consciousness of their own failings, and a desire to subdue them. Their efforts too often prove ineffectual, and if they happen to have a high respect for their religious character, they are sure to become what they seemed—hypocrites.

On the other hand it may be supposed that, in the religious as in the every day world, too much anxiety is calculated to counteract itself. The traveller who walks boldly and fearlessly along the eminence will pass on successfully, while the more timid man, who is forewarned of the precipice on either side, proceeds so cautiously that he stumbles at every step, or loses his self-possession while contemplating the magnitude of the danger before him, and tumbles headlong into destruction. Religion, however, should not be charged with the aberrations of her children, and though there are many *Maxwells*, the majority of them, on investigation

will turn out to be hypocrites, not from principle, but from circumstances. In proof of this I could multiply examples, but one will suffice.

I have already stated that Mr. F—— kept one eye on this nether world while appearing to contemplate that above him with his two. The flesh made war on him as well as the devil, and what between lucre and Satan, whiskey punch and his maid Ellen, he had much hardship in avoiding to give scandal. Ellen was a convert, he had taken her out of a Magdalen Asylum before the process of purification had been finished; and though she read her Bible with edifying piety, and sang hymns with the Latouch quaver, the leaven of former habits occasionally caused an ungodly fermentation. In one of those fits which 'flesh is heir to' Ellen's master, as the devil would have it, I suppose, undertook to read her a lecture on the abominations of impurity, and drew so eloquent a picture of sin, that, like the artist, he became enamoured with the thing he had created; Ellen was subdued; he loved her that she did feel, and then—they went to the Bethesda.

Now none but the 'elect' could have acted precisely in the same way, and certainly none but people ostentatiously pious could regard their offence with so much horror. The separation of soul and body could be nothing to the pain of exposure—the

to religious community to which they belonged would be eternally scandalized—and the finger of the scoffer would be pointed at them in scorn; what was to be done? turn hypocrite and perjurer. People who were not *his* saints' would have acted differently. One Thursday evening I came into the parlour after having delivered an exhortation in the school-room on 'justification by faith alone,' a subject about which I knew as much as man can know—that is, nothing. Mr. F— was alone.

'Your discourse this evening, Mr. D—,' said he, 'was powerful—you, evidently felt that God keepeth the feet of his saints, "I will put my fear in their hearts, and they shall not depart from me." You have had dealings in what the scripture calls works of the flesh, but a true believer, one who reads and meditates on the word, cannot fall from a state of justification.'

'Indeed!' said I.

'Certainly,' he replied, 'as many as were *ordained* to eternal life believed, "Whom he did predestinate them he also called."'

'That is scripture, certainly,' I replied, 'but it does not justify your doctrine, for I hold, that we may fall from our faith, and forfeit our state of grace.'

'Impossible!' said he.

'Impossible!' I repeated, 'Why, then, are we commanded to stand fast in the faith? Why does the scripture say, "Beware, lest being led away by the error of the wicked, you fall from your own stedfastness?"'

'Certainly,' he replied, 'because we are to act freely, as if no decree existed. Mankind being totally depraved.'

'Stop, stop!' I interrupted, 'I can subscribe to no such doctrine.'

'Then you have fallen, I suppose, into the errors of Arminius?'

'I have read my Bible.'

'Ay, ay, but without the proper inspiration. Recollect the blessed saint, John Wesley, has said at an advanced age, that he was fundamentally a Papist, and knew it not.'

'I am no Papist,' said I, hurt at the allusion.

'I know it, my friend, but read your Bible.'

October, 1826.

'So I do, and find in it a full condemnation of the doctrine of these Calvinists.'

'What say you? Doctrine so true and so edifying! which teacheth that all whom God has predestinated into life will in good time be effectually called to grace and salvation by Jesus Christ. So,' he continued, with the utmost gravity, 'you need not be alarmed; we are all born children of wrath; and perhaps you have hitherto resisted the most saving grace. Indeed I am strongly of this opinion, in consequence of that *little* affair with Ellen.'

'What affair?'

'Don't be surprised, I know that we are all poor weak vessels, and liable to follow the temptation of the flesh. The misguided sinner, perhaps, threw herself in your way, when the spirit was not fortified. She has, in fact, confessed as much.'

'I don't understand you,' said I, somewhat alarmed.

'Why, hasn't Ellen told you?'

'Told me what?'

'Poh, poh! You know very well. I drew her from the sty of lustful abomination, and taught her all saving truth. But I am not angry. The blessed volume, which I prize above life, teacheth me to have compassion on a backsliding brother; and though you have debauched —.'

'De— What?'

'Expose not thy iniquity to the eyes of the scoffer. Thou hast stolen the maiden's virtue.'

'False!' I exclaimed, 'Where is Ellen?'

'Put not,' he replied, 'her modesty to shame. She has confided the secret to her mistress's ear, and I have been deputed to ask whether you intend to marry the maiden.'

Offended pride fortunately came here to my aid, and I resumed that self-dignity and independence of which circumstances had, for a time, deprived me. I spurned the base proposal with indignation; and, under considerable agitation, I stood up, approached the hoary hypocrite, and saying, 'Thou Lucifer —,' made a pause, and walked solemnly out of the house.

Ellen, seeing that the trap did not catch me, resumed the character with

which she was most familiar, and laid the 'sin' at the door of her master. Such, however, was his imputed sanctity, that few among the 'elect' gave credit to the girl's accusation. For my part, I was fully persuaded of his guilt, but this by no means affected my piety, nor did it strike me at the time that there was any thing wonderful in my having imbibed from Scripture what Mr. F—— called the errors of Arminius.

I read my Bible more constantly than ever, and among other works the Life and Writings of Whitfield fell into my hands. I perused them with avidity, and naturally enough imbibed his doctrine. From admiration to imitation is but one step, and accordingly I took it—I commenced preacher—field-preacher I should say, were it not that my first essay was in the street, or rather in a lane.

I had long remarked that Cole's Lane was one of the most godless places in Dublin; and reading of the miracles performed by Whitfield in reforming such denizens of terrestrial hells, I resolved to see what effect an announcement of the 'word' would have upon the 'greasy rogues' of the market. I chose Saturday morning for this purpose; and at half past ten o'clock took my station on a butcher's block. 'I come,' said I, 'to call sinners to repentance!' This announcement had an electric effect. Some precipitately fled; others screamed out, 'A black cap!' while the boys,

cleaver-men, and fish-women, collected around me, with looks that indicated no great degree of habitual sanctity. 'Go on, an good luck to you my darlin,' said a sturdy dame before me. I complied with her request; saying, 'I preach——' but 'preach' had no sooner been out of my mouth than she had jammed a piece of liver into it, to the great good humour of all present. This was a signal for the commencement of the sport. All kinds of ũlth were showered upon me with a liberal hand; but recollecting the opposition which Wesley had met with in England, I called his example to my aid, and persevered. There was an 'outpouring' certainly, but not of the 'word;' and at length they resorted to an effectual method of trying my patience. They set half a score bull-dogs to fight beneath my feet; and, as martyrdom was not then desirable, I made my escape.

Dublin I now regarded as a second Gomorrah, and therefore left it to the wrath of offended Heaven, which I calculated must have soon descended upon it in the form of a shower of brimstone. The peasantry, though not so vicious as the people of Dublin, were however sunk in the abominations of Popery, from which I felt myself 'effectually called' to release them. To the country, therefore, I bent my steps, with what success shall be told in the next chapter.

TO MARY.

ALAS! alas! they know me not, who think that joy can be
An inmate of this lonely heart when I am far from thee;
The smile may rise, the laugh may burst, but still there will remain,
Mid all the *outward* shew of mirth, the bosom's *inward* pain.

It will remain; for I *am* lorn, I must be so, when now
I have no more before mine eyes the radiance of thy brow;
If I *could* weep, it were relief—but tears refuse to flow,
Though deeply does my sorrowing heart indulge its useless woe.

Full many a sorrow seared that heart, ere manhood was my lot;
It bore them all—they passed away—their very cause forgot;
And *this* new pang, *this* bitter woe—yes! *this* too shall be borne:
No grief must settle on my brow though I am thus forlorn.

For I must join the smile—the laugh—must mingle in the glee,
Nor shall my heedless tongue reveal my cureless misery;
'Tis when the idle day is o'er I'll feel the sad excess
Of all I know when far from thee, and far from happiness.

Hanley, Staffordshire.

R. SHELTON M·KENZIE.

MEMOIR OF THE RIGHT HON. EARL GREY.

It was necessary that Antæus should touch the earth if he desired to be powerful; and our aristocracy have always found an acquisition of strength by descending, not *pro forma*, but in reality, to the ranks of the Commons. While they stand aloof, proud in their ideal greatness, they generally find their own little world of exclusion a very comfortless one. Man, to be happy, requires the support and sympathy of his fellow men. The subject of our memoir has all the air and manner of his *caste*, but is nevertheless, in heart and soul, a man of the people—the steady advocate of popular rights; the unyielding enemy of oppression; and a firm friend of the best interests of his country.

CHARLES BARON DE HOWICK, in the county of Northumberland, was born in the year 1764. His family is of great antiquity; but the elevation of that branch of it to which he belongs is of recent date, his father, a celebrated soldier, being created earl so recently as 1801. Earl Grey received his education in Scotland, and gave early proofs of those talents which qualify him for the first offices in the state, but from which he has been, unfortunately for his country, too long excluded. When only nineteen, he was returned to represent Northumberland, in the House of Commons, but did not distinguish himself for several years in his senatorial capacity. In 1790 we first find him a debater; and, as he now opposed the Pitt administration, his manly eloquence soon acquired for him particular notice and reputation. A speech of his in 1792, respecting the misunderstanding with Russia, excited considerable notice, in consequence of the boldness of the tone with which he commented on the conduct of ministers, who, he stated, ought to be impeached.

Being now foremost in the ranks of opposition, he entered warmly into the various questions which were agitated in parliament at the time of the French revolution; and was considered of so much value to his party, that on the change of administration, in 1806, he was promoted to the situa-

tion of first lord of the admiralty, and on the death of Mr. Fox to that of secretary of state for foreign affairs. On the dissolution of the Whig administration, he went out of office, and in 1807 took his seat in the upper house, in consequence of the death of his father. In 1812 there was a chance of his coming once more into power, in conjunction with Lord Grenville, but the circumstances which Mr. Moore, in his 'Life of Sheridan,' has detailed, frustrated the design.

Earl Grey is the strenuous and consistent supporter of rational reform and Catholic emancipation. His efforts in favour of both these measures—and more particularly the latter—are too well known and appreciated to need any observation. Earl Grey has an appearance peculiarly youthful; and in a recent work his character is thus summed up, with much severity, but some truth:—

'Earl Grey is an elegant man in his person; and his usual dress is tight and trim, bordering upon priggism. When he sits still there is a querulous and hectic air about him, which would induce one to believe that he feels sore both in body and mind; and when he first rose to speak, I felt a kind of mixed sensation that never came across me upon first observing any other public man. During the first sentence or two, it seemed as if the subject had been too great for his bodily strength, and too little for his mental feelings—as though he had risen to perform an act of duty to which his strength was unequal, and to do a deed of condescension by which his notion of himself was to be humbled. This expression, however, by degrees wore off; and he had not proceeded far, when his strength appeared more than commensurate to the task; and, if his mind had not descended to what seemed at first the level of the subject, he had soon contrived to elevate the subject to his own vantage ground. Never did I hear the parts of an argument chosen with better judgment, or put together with more fitness and force of logical concatenation. His voice, which had at first seemed the voice of a man

ready to gasp or faint through feebleness, caught a peculiar manliness of emphasis, which was in no way diminished by its slightly guttural tone. His language, though simple, and never strained after gaudy ornaments, seemed to me, nevertheless, to be a perfect model of elegance; while in

his air and his gestures there was so much of genteel dignity and polished loftiness, that I could soon see a reason for his being looked up to as the leader of a party, (since I must mention parties) in the composition of which pride does not form the smallest ingredient.'

A DREAM.

I DREAMED that I dwelt in those silent bowers,
Where oft we wandered, 'mid fruits and flowers;
That I basked again in those holy rays,
Which round me brightened in other days.

And lip to lip, and breast to breast,
Were sinlessly drawn and thrillingly press'd;
And I leaned on thine ivory shoulder there,
In the clustering shade of thy golden hair.

And the sighs we heaved, and the words we spoke,
Breathed deeper enchantment around as they broke,
Till I dreamed we lay at our flowery rest,
In the Eden-home of the pure and bless'd.

And around us a garden of young flowers sprung,
And above us a silvery hawthorn hung;
And beneath us, glad with eternal song,
A chrystal rivulet rolled along.

Heavens! how I felt, when once more I drew
From thy breath of balm, and thine eye of blue,
The bliss that made of this earthly sphere
All—all that I knew of our Eden *there*.

But one thought o'er my spirit its shadow shed,
I remembered I saw the green sod spread,
Over thy form, and I shuddered and prayed it might
Be but the wreck of a dreamy night.

But far, far off, up the deep blue skies,
The brow of the morn began to rise,
And I saw thee—sorrowful vision!—fade
Into a dim, departing shade.

And I strove to grasp thy beautiful vest,
But vainly my hands its foldings press'd;
And I burst from that slumber worn and wan,
For my heart was broken, and thou wert gone.

And when I awoke from that dream, I lay
Above thy cold and hallowed clay,
Where I had wept my soul's distress
Into that bright forgetfulness.

But thou, and the night, and the dream, have pass'd,
And again on the world's wild way I am cast,
With no hope but the hope of yet meeting thee
On the calm sunny shore of eternity's sea.

Cork.

I. A. SHEA.

THE HERMIT IN IRELAND.—NO. X.

DONNYBROOK IN 1826.

WITH the name of Donnybrook how many gay, how many pleasureable ideas are associated. Friendship and fun, frolic and frivolity, dancing, dressing, shows, and shebeen shops; whiskey and whim, broken heads and broken glasses, pitch, toss, merry-go-round, begging, blackguardism, and ballad-singing, all rise in regular confusion before the mind's eye, like the scattering images of a wild but half-forgotten dream.

With me, hermit as I am, Donnybrook has always been a favourite place of resort: even in the spring, or in the opening of the summer, when the wide green lies vacant, I have loved to cross it in my rambles towards Taney or Dundrum; the spot, even at these dull periods, has an air of sprightliness and cheerful rurality about it—how much then must its beauty be heightened by all the embellishments, the bustle, and the ever-changing variety, attendant on the far-famed fair.

The fair, however, has been declining for some years past: for this decline various causes have been assigned,—the sobered temper of the people—the ill conduct of the professed fair goers, and, though last, not least, the poverty of the times. Recently the conduct of the municipal authorities has done much to sink the spirit that once drew multitudes to the place—the joy-extinguishing genius of methodism has been at work among the corporators, and every little creature in office—every underling to whom chance has delegated a brief authority, imagined that he rendered an acceptable service to heaven by forcing those beings, whom the Lord made to enjoy life, to look gloomy and discontented at least for one day in the week. Owing to the interference of the ‘serious’ people, that day—the best of Donnybrook’s days—the walking Sunday, has been latterly rendered quite dull and cheerless. Loyal taverns in the city may retain their pampered guests until the dawn of the Sabbath, but at noon, or at sun-set, no tent shall spread upon the green to offer shelter, shade,

or refreshment, to the health-seeking artisan, or the kitchen-bound domestic, to whom the voice or the grasp of a friend comes to yield but a hebdomadal gratification. Strange and inconsistent are our laws, but stranger still the application of them; the riot, the intemperance, of the rich are indulged, but magisterial activity is ever on the watch to contract the enjoyments of the poor. God defend us, however, from the gloomy spirit of saintship, with its train of holy horrors! I for one will agree with old Walcot,

‘The Lord he loves not phizzes of dismay,
Heaven does not glory in perpetual sobbing.’

So think I—and so thought I as I reached the corner of Stephen’s-green, and with my friend mounted a time-worn jaunting-car, whose weather-beaten owner kept exclaiming ‘who’s for de brook? room for two.’ We completed what at other times would have been called his load, but he still kept up the cry—‘who’s for de brook? room for one!’—one at length came; he placed himself in what they call the well of the car, the driver forced a grim smile, and away we went merrily.

‘Away we dash,

‘Torrents less rapid and less rash.’

The road from Leeson-street to the scene of amusement was one flood of cars: shouts, jibes, and jokes, were loudly interchanged as the motley multitude whirled by each other. The passengers in many instances were singularly mingled, on the one side of the car you probably beheld a dairy-woman, a black serving-man, and the woman of pleasure—while the other side gave to your view a dandy, a sweep, and a soldier, all hurrying forward in search of fun. My friend and I were rather fortunately settled. We had dropt in with companions rather respectable in appearance; as to who or what they were we cared not. Our journey was swift, short, and enlivening; but just as we entered the village of Donnybrook, a heavy shower compelled us to look for immediate shelter. The scratch of a fiddle, and the loud voice

of merriment, directed us to a spot where we might not only find shelter, but probably meet with something in the way of amusement. 'Dive in, boys!' said a gay looking fellow, who pressed close behind us. We descended two or three steps, and found ourselves at once in the centre of this temple of mirth. The impression made upon me by the appearance of the place is indeed indescribable. We stood in a room about ten feet by five; it had got what I would call its annual cleaning: the delph ware and the pewter seemed tidily arranged—new deal forms ran by the walls, and the large flag in the centre of the floor had been carefully polished;—around this flag 'two lively looking boys, with two smartly dressed damsels, apparently belonging to the village, were footing it merrily. Each proof of skill or of bottom on the part of the dancers, drew from their admiring auditory a loud shout of applause. At every shout the musician rapidly moved his sightless lids, twisted his face into a smile, and taught the bow to force a louder note from his tortured instrument.

'Glory to you, Judy,' cried one; she's the divil at it,' says another; 'Pon my soul,' says a third, 'she's still as fresh as a daisy! She'll beat 'em all out.' In the midst of this scene of noise and of confusion sat a melancholy-looking little girl, with a cradle beside her, which she continued rocking, endeavouring by this motion, and a drowsy sort of lullaby, to put a sickly infant to rest. From a small closet behind her, the cheering music of the nose announced to us that some easy-tempered being was enjoying the blessing of a sound slumber—it was the 'man of the house,'—who had been up during the entire of the previous night. The mistress of the mansion at last came forward from a little corner, which had been enclosed as a temporary bar. 'What d' ye wish, gentlemen?' said she, seeing my friend and I disengaged. We were wet, and requested some grog; she made room for us in her circumscribed bar—while she poured from the spout of a broken milk-can the soul-cheering liquor—the liquor recommended by Carolan as the univer-

sal specific. Good when you are wet, good when you are cold, good when you are hot, and good when nothing whatever ails you. We soon learned that this poor woman was not regularly licensed—but during the fair she borrowed a license from some obliging dealer in town, and accommodated her friends under another name. To us it was all alike—we enjoyed our grog—sat for a while viewing the sport—until, finding that the rain was over, we at last sallied out, and pushed for the centre of the fair.

'Scene of my past pleasures,' I exclaimed, 'how art thou changed? Donnybrook! where are thy pristine glories? How are the mighty fallen! Shade of Dan Donnelly, arise! arise, and weep over the ruin of the spot which thy presence for years tended to hallow.'—Sad, indeed, was the alteration—fearful was the falling off. A sorry collection of tents, with ill-painted signs, stretched across the grassless plain—aping, in hopeless shabbiness, what was once proudly called the Dame Street of Donnybrook. There was an air of spiritless heaviness upon the place; the clown or the harlequin seemed to droop in the front of his booth; the venders of the 'cratur' stood sullenly pining in their chilly bars; and the very fires appeared dying away beneath the boilers, where the cherry-coloured ham, or the juicy beef, awaited the call of a customer. Equestrianism, mountebankism, and wild beastism, arose around me on every side, sedulously courting a glance—but for me they possessed few attractions. 'The proper study of mankind is man,' said I, 'and here, even yet, he exhibits himself in a thousand varying positions—new, ludicrous, amusing, amiable, or forbidding—but all alike instructive.

At the end of what they called Dame Street, stood a ballad-singer, a tall ragged blind boy, whom I had frequently noticed in Dublin; he was leaning on his stick, and indulged in a sort of rocking motion, while the long ears of an old leathern cap continued in the most picturesque manner to flap slowly about his ears. 'Gather about me! Gather about me! Is there many about me?' said he, in a

lower tone.—‘Yes,’ answered one of his auditors, ‘begin.’—‘Stand away from my left hand,’ cried the minstrel, applying his fingers to his nose; ‘now,’ he resumed, ‘good people, ye’ll hear one o’ the best songs ye ever bought, it was composed entirely by myself, and I a poor dark lad:—‘little fellow, stand out of my light there,’ then followed forth the song.

It was in King Faro’s days,
As the Holy Scriptures says,
When Moses he was found upon the water.

An object more interesting instantly appeared, and in spite of all the blind boy’s melody, divided the attention of the throng; this was an old well-trained well-patched beggarman, with long flaxen locks and venerable aspect, they called him the chancellor; he stooped so, that his hair literally swept the earth, and as he moved on, he told his story with an eloquence and a fervour, that extracted many a penny from the scantily-furnished pockets of the crowd that surrounded him. ‘Oh! pious Christians, look with an eye of pity, and a heart of tenderness, on the poor sick and distressed creature, begging your relief in the honour of God, and the blessed Virgin, for your father and mother’s souls, for all the souls that ever left you, and for your own soul the last day.’ Turning from this oratorical mendicant, we found ourselves in front of a tent, a long and spacious one, whose showboard announced to us that it belonged to Master Pat Halton, the bruiser; the roar of jollity, and the loud tones of a well-touched violin, induced us to enter; a pair of dancers occupied the door, which had been laid in the centre of the tent. In the female I at once recognised the dashing, the unconquerable Judy, whose feats in another place I had so recently witnessed. She had her cloak thrown loosely across her left arm, as if determined on retiring when her task was concluded; her right hand was applied proudly to her hip, and the air with which she surveyed her nearly exhausted partner had in it an expression of mingled triumph and contempt. He was one whom I thought I had met with somewhere or other before; he was a tight well-built lit-

tle personage, of rather a quick turn and jaunty air; he wore striped trousers, white waistcoat, and blue coat, while his shining white hat hung carelessly on the side of the head: he kept his spectacles on while dancing, probably for the purpose of watching the steps, or to make him look more knowing.—‘Who’s this partner of Judy’s?’ said a big fellow behind me.—‘A young gentleman from college,’ answered one of his acquaintances.—‘Young!’ said the other with a grin, ‘why, by the powers, that fellow might be your grandfather, he dances well any how, but his wind is cracked.’—‘That is Paddy N—,’ said my friend.—‘What,’ said I, ‘would a commercial man like him be seen dancing here?’—‘Oh! yes, it is one of his queer ways.’—Queer enough, thought I. The dance was ended, the dancers sat down, and were rapturously applauded.—The white-hatted gentleman seemed in good humour with all around him, and particularly so with himself; while rapping for punch, he began, tho not in the most melting tones, to sing:

Buxom Paddy is my name,
As every body knows;
First in figure and in fame,
I’m the pink of all the beaux.
With air polite, and dress quite tight,
I strut along the street;
To melt the hearts, and cheer the sight,
Of all the girls I meet.

Buxom Paddy is my name.

As he sung, he threw his arm carelessly around the neck of his late partner.—‘Hands off, my little man, till you’re better acquainted,’ said a big fellow, shaking him by the shoulder; the other looked up, ‘God, sir, this is unparliamentary, if you do it again I’ll whail you.’—‘Whail me why, my little man, d’ye know, that two could play at that;’ as he spoke, he struck the white hat—off it rolled, and with it went a tight brown wig, then first noticed.—‘Smoke the wig,’ cried one.—‘Boil it with the corned beef,’ said Judy.—‘No,’ roared another, ‘send it to Lough Neagh to be petrified.’—‘Gentlemen,’ exclaimed the sufferer, ‘respect my years! Pity my scattered locks.’ I handed him the hat and wig; he arose.—‘No matter,’ said he, slapping his thigh,

'I can stand the grin,'—the grin was decidedly against him,—we followed him from the tent.

Dull as the fair was, compared with others that I had seen, there was still enough in it to attract the attention of a curious observer; the tents were beginning to fill, and the guests were gradually becoming more noisy—from the front of the different booths the music and the shouting grew louder. On the open part of the green there were a number of scattered groupings engaged in various sorts of amusement. Here sat the dark-browed cautious looking proprietor of the 'Stick and the Loop,' with his accomplices and his dupes gathered closely around him; near him moved the bearer of the dial, an enterprising confectioner, whose sweet wares were disposed of by the wheel of fortune; farther on stood a fellow with a pile of gingerbread, at which some well dressed rake was allowed to throw his shillelah—if he touched the luscious heap it became his own; if he missed it, he was compelled to pay. Many a shin was blackened during the progress of this game. In a sheltered nook you beheld a blanket-bed Boccogh 'wid her three faderless orphans,' all of the same age, and all probably borrowed. Beside her stood the loquacious sharp-eyed horse jockey, preparing in his jaw the fragment of ginger which was to animate the tail 'of as purty a cut of a horse as ever you looked at.' All had their 'ways and means;' all had their plans for 'raising the wind;' all in different stages were bent on carrying forward the grand game of imposition.

There was a showy tent, or, as the owner styled it, a 'pavilion,' erected at the upper end of the green, by O'Brien, of the Exchange Tavern; every accommodation, every thing of the best quality, so said the advertisements. We were anxious to see if all these cheering promises were fully borne out, and accordingly, I and my companion moved forward. We found that all was not entirely as we expected, but still for Donnybrook the thing was pretty well—a number of small parties had dined in the place, and among the rest I noticed a knot of corporators, the dogs of the day.

Long Sutter, the greyhound so grim,
The lapdog, Sir Garret the lady;
The spaniel, Sir Edward the slim,

And the bull dog, Sir Nicholas Brady.

These and many others were present, Honest Jack Willis the breeches maker, Low Lamprey the knife-grinder, Nicholas Murray—Mansfield, perpetual sub-sheriff, and a tribe of minor worthies. Mr. Mansfield was speaking as we entered, he was remonstrating, not in the mildest tone, with a poor-looking man, who stood uncovered beside him. 'I've answered you, sir, I don't know you. Quit the tent.' 'Och,' said the poor fellow, wiping off a tear, 'Nick Murray, Nick Murray, when you changed your name to Mansfield, you changed your nature too—arraah. Nicky, dear, when you were on the shoughrawn, working as a poor silk-weaver, did'n't I give you the bit and sup? Oh, John Busby, you often warned me of this.' 'Go along sir,' said the perpetual sub-sheriff; the waiter removed the suppliant. 'Gentlemen,' said the knife-grinder, who acted as chairman, 'will yez fill up, I'll give our charter toast, its been our toast for three hundred years and more.. 'The glorious memory of King William.' 'Whillaloo,' cried Jack Willis, 'and is he three hundred years dead? Arrah! well done!' 'Order, Mr. Willis,' cried the chair. 'Here's king William.' 'Where?' says Jack. 'Here's King William, who saved us from popery and slavery, from brass money, and wooden shoes, and he that won't drink this toast; may he be damned, rammed, jammed, and crammed, into the great gun of Athlone, and blown to the devil.' 'Huzza, huzza!' cried the knot. 'Huzza!' said a fellow outside, laying at the same time the weight of an oak sapling across the back of the knife-grinder, whose shoulders pressed lightly against the covering of the tent. 'Huzza!' said he again, repeating the blow, and off he went shouting. The laugh was hard against the chubby ex-sheriff, he roared out, 'Waither, waither! Call in the peleece! Must gentlemen be saulted and laughed at too? Call in the peleece, waither.' The police appeared, and the laughing became more general; it was now getting dark, and I thought it prudent to bend my way homewards.



J.W. VON GOETHE.

Drawn by Carl Feytaud. Engraved by J. G. Schmitt.

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